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The Week

GOVERNOR Roosevelt's pronouncement that he favors a more equal distribution of wealth in the future, to be brought about by social planning, is important because it is the only direct statement of the kind made by any prominent candidate for the presidential nomination of either of the old parties. It is being criticized by most of the metropolitan press, not by any admission that the editorial writers do not favor the same aims, but by the charge that Mr. Roosevelt does not recommend specific measures to achieve his object. We submit that this criticism is relevant only if the candidates favored by the commentators in question are willing to make the same unequivocal declaration of purpose. It is not unimportant to know and declare what general purposes our rulers are seeking; on the contrary, lack of any clear-cut social philosophy has been the outstanding curse of American politicians. To contrast Mr. Roosevelt unfavorably with Mr. Hoover because the latter is fighting for and the measures Mr. Hoover favors are, almost without exception, designed to favor inequality in the distribution of income. For our part, we hope that Mr. Roosevelt will specify, because we already disapprove both of the aims and the measures in the minds of Mr. Hoover, Mr. Baker and most of the other candidates. What we fear is that the admirable utterances of Mr. Roosevelt will fail to advance the purposes he says he has in mind, because of feebleness in his character and incapacity of the political machinery with which he is associated.

FOR a cynical, dishonest political holdup we can think of nothing that compares with the injection of increases in the tariffs on coal, oil, copper and lumber into the tax bill. The lobbyists for these duties know that the tax bill must be passed, and in a hurry. By a process of log-rolling among Senators, they work up a coalition sufficient to fasten these amendments like leeches on a bill where they have neither reason nor justification. The subservient Senators have put the nation in a position where it must accept the increased duties with the tax bill or reject the whole bill. The duties in themselves are completely unwise, and are part of a policy which is rapidly grinding any chance of economic recovery into the mud. This is a supreme example of the anti-social character and methods of the high tariff crowd. A wise President would veto the bill on this ground alone, and lay the blame for delay directly on the shoulders of the tariff lobbies and the Senators they control. Unfortunately, however, the President himself is just as week-kneed on the tariff issue as these Senators; only a few days ago he vetoed the bill for international tariff reduction.

TAKE a notebook and jot down the names of the officials, the speakers and the writers who are now saying that the great need of the time is to balance the budget, cut governmental expenditure, avoid bond issues for a large program of public works, prevent inflation and protect the gold standard in the United States. Write down in another place the names of those who in many respects advise a

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Senator Wagner's public-works bill, the engineers who advise similar programs, the economists of the University of Chicago who say that temporary, controlled inflation is the best way to bring about a future balance of the budget. If, as we expect, the advice of the first group is followed, look at the economic situation six months from today, note the persons who gave this advice, and judge their competence accordingly. If many citizens had been making this check in previous years and months, we doubt if the deflationary group would now command much support. Barring unforeseen accidents, we strongly suspect that this little exercise in social science would discredit many of the leaders of opinion now dominant.

IT HAS long been known that members of Congress were in the habit of employing members of their own families as clerks, but owing to the secrecy with which the pay rolls have been shrouded, no one knew how extensive the practice was. Now, as a result of public opinion created almost solely through the efforts of the United Press, the House of Representatives has made public its April pay roll. In about one hundred cases, Representatives are shown to have clerks or secretaries whose surnames are the same as their own. There is every reason to believe that practically the same condition exists in the Senate. In a few cases, a Congressman's wife or daughter may be a competent office worker and may earn the money she receives; but in many instances, the recipient of the salary does no work, and someone else, whose name does not appear upon the official records, is hired at starvation wages to take care of the tasks which must be performed. There are anti-nepotism laws in a number of the states, and public opinion may be able to shame Congress into passing a federal law of the same character. There is no question that the facts just uncovered show that it is sorely needed.

BEFORE this week's New Republic reaches its readers, Mayor Walker of New York will have had his day in court, and may or may not have explained to the satisfaction of Mr. Seabury the various financial transactions in which he received large sums from persons who expected, or had obtained, special favors from the municipal government of which the Honorable Jimmy was and is the head. We confess that we are not greatly interested in the speculation as to whether Jimmy Walker will be removed from office. We feel confident that the system which produced one individual of his type is capable of turning up another if occasion demands. We prefer to think of New York's situation in somewhat different terms, such as are implied, for instance, in a comparison with London. The two cities are about the same size; the services they undertake to offer their citizens [illegible] tained, the cost of administering New York is just about twice the cost of administering London, the difference between the two items being approximately one million dollars a day. It is true, of course, that the cost of living is lower in England, salaries and wages are smaller, and part of the difference is due to this fact. But it is also true that our streets are dirtier than London's, our crime rate very much higher, and the life of our citizens is made needlessly difficult and dangerous in many ways because of incompetence in the City Hall. While monetary comparisons are not important, no one can doubt that New York, like other American cities, is paying an excessively heavy price for the scheme of things of which Jimmy Walker and Tammany Hall are two thoroughly characteristic products.

THE Senate Banking Committee, which is investigating operations on the New York Stock Exchange, has seldom done a more useful day's work than when it persuaded the Warner brothers, motion-picture potentates, to reveal their transactions in the stock of their own company. In 1930, it appears, they sold the stock short with such acumen that they made a profit estimated by themselves at $7,000,000 and by William A. Gray, counsel for the Senate Committee, at $9,000,000. During this time the price was beaten down from $54 to $23 a share. Mr. Gray argued, in effect, that the Warner brothers used their inside information about dwindling earnings, and betrayed the company and the stockholders by secretly selling out. The Warner brothers insist that they did not know profits were going down; but if their argument is accepted as true, it remains a mystery why they sold their stock at all. Another demonstration of their confidence in their own ability as managers of the company is the fact, unearthed by Mr. Gray, that they sold their own stock, loaned the proceeds to the company and took as security debentures with a fixed and guaranteed rate of interest. This amounts to exchanging common stock for preferred stock or bonds. One has heard of rats who abandon a sinking ship at sea, but the rats do not usually take the sextant with them.

ONE of the leads uncovered by Mr. Gray deserves to be followed up more carefully. He has discovered that while the stock was being sold by the Warner brothers, "certain journals" were publishing glowing reports about earnings and prospects. On the other hand, when the stock was being bought back at less than half the former price, these journals printed extremely gloomy pictures of the future for the Warner films. Remembering how Representative LaGuardia proved the other day that several hundred thousand dollars was paid a small group of financial writers to publish false statements regarding certain stocks, the public is entitled [illegible]

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"certain journals" so beautifully fitted the scheme of the Warner brothers themselves? Did the company's publicity department serve the private interests of the brothers, instead of the organization as a whole? It is to be hoped that the Senate Committee will not abandon the trail until it has answered these questions.

IF AND when the police arrest someone on suspicion of the Lindbergh kidnaping, let us fervently hope that they arrest the right man. For such is the state of feeling that anyone who is arrested is extremely likely to be convicted, whether on true evidence or false. Already the police officials have made mistakes enough, and been criticized enough, so that they will be greatly disinclined to admit any more mistakes or take any more censure. Especially do the New Jersey State Police, who have borne the brunt of the criticism, know that their next move must be final, that for their own sakes they cannot again rescind, and nothing is more certain than that even such measure of legality and fairness as was accorded to "Red" Johnson and Betty Gow will not be the lot of the next likely-looking suspect or near-suspect who turns up. Commissioner Mulrooney of New York never did a wiser thing than to hold off, as he did, before accepting the confession made the other day by a drug-addict yearning for morphine. Let us hope that this example of restraint penetrates to New Jersey, for never did the psychological situation more clearly invite a "frame-up," with all the evils of third degree, false identifications, coaching of witnesses and the rest of the familiar, sordid story. Incidentally, the atmosphere surrounding the Lindbergh tragedy since the child's body was found helps us to understand why Mooney's and Billings' conviction following the bomb explosion, on fantastic and incredible evidence, was easily possible.

ON Tuesday, May 31, the United States Supreme Court is expected to rule on the Scottsboro case and to say whether the seven Negro boys must die on June 24, or have still a chance to live. If the Court decides to accept jurisdiction in the case, it will be tried sometime next autumn, and if the decision is then against the defendants, no further appeal is possible. Considering all the extraordinary circumstances surrounding this case, it would seem that in common decency the state of Alabama should have joined in the plea that the matter be settled in the United States Supreme Court; but on the contrary, the state, through its properly designated legal officers, has done everything possible to prevent the appeal to the Supreme Court and to make sure that these boys will be put to death on June 24. No doubt the people of Alabama would be very much hurt if they were told that their action is a denial of civilization; yet that is precisely what it is.

MR. Dwight L. Hoopingarner, of the American Construction Council, has just issued a piece of gratuitous advice to the holders of real-estate bonds. As readers of The New Republic do not need to be told, many millions of dollars of these bonds are in default, and it is a matter of grave doubt whether the owners will ever receive more than a small fraction of their original investment. Mr. Hoopingarner, cheerfully ignoring the feelings of thousands of investors who have seen their savings taken away from them by incompetence, if not dishonesty, urges the bondholders not to be "impatient" or to indulge in "hasty action." He criticizes "outside racketeering," though he says nothing about the inside racketeering which is ten times worse. He urges the bondholders to coöperate with the reorganization committees, first "assuring themselves that the reorganization plan calls for full protection as to the rights of the bondholders." This, of course, is just nonsense. The average bondholder is incapable of knowing whether or not his rights are protected, even if all the facts are given him, and many important facts are being deliberately concealed. Mr. Hoopingarner is particularly earnest in asking the bondholders to coöperate with the houses of issue, who were responsible for the original losses and are now, he says "usually the best agencies" for rescuing the property—on the theory, no doubt, of taking a hair of the dog that bit you. But as a matter of fact, in some cases the protective committees which are being set up are themselves another piece of shoddy practice, an attempt to take away from the bondholders even such money as they now have left. If this advice is the best that Mr. Hoopingarner has to offer, we warmly advise him to withdraw his statement and go home and go to bed.

THERE can be few unhappier spots on the face of the globe than Liberia, the Negro republic on the west coast of Africa which was first established, a century ago, as a refuge for former slaves from the United States. The Liberian government consists of a little handful of American Negroes, who rule the native population in the back country with the same cruelty and injustice which are practised by the white Europeans in other parts of Africa. The situation has repeatedly been brought to the attention of the League of Nations, but thus far, no improvement has been made. Now the League has approved a scheme drawn up by the Cecil committee, looking toward an international conference in the near future. One of the parties at the conference will be the Firestone rubber interests, which by reason of their concession obtained some years ago, virtually control the Liberian finances. Yellow fever and smallpox are prevalent in Liberia today, and money is badly needed for sanitary measures. Meantime, the Liberian "militia" continue to ravage the countryside, slaughtering the natives wholesale.

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Toward an American Fascism?

PERSISTENT rumor comes from Washington that the President, after the adjournment of Congress, intends to set up a sort of economic super-Cabinet, consisting of representatives of banking, industrial and agricultural interests. It is not clear just what the function of this body is intended to be. Some who have recommended it propose it as a successor to the Council of National Defense created during the War, which advised the President as to policies and worked out important measures, and out of which grew things like the War Industries Board and the Food Administration. Others regard it as a device to bolster the administration's prestige and gain support for policies already decided upon. If it should consist of the usual sort of figureheads who would be chosen by the President as "representatives" of the several groups, it certainly would be better fitted for this role than for any aggressive action of its own.

Whatever it might turn out to be, however—and even if it should not be appointed—the serious discussion of the idea is symptomatic of important currents in American public life. Without making any announcement, the President has already been relying on the counsel of a small group in developing the series of economic measures which he has initiated since last fall. This succession of measures constitutes, in its way, a program; it is the result of a rudimentary and unacknowledged process of national economic planning. Mr. Hoover has, it is known, been reluctant to make public the existence and activity of this group because he characteristically feared the effect on confidence of the dramatization of the fact that extraordinary measures had to be taken. Nevertheless, he has been compelled by circumstances, however reluctantly, to seek continuous counsel and to try to develop some sort of program based on foresight. If now he decides to give this body, or any outward mask of it, public status, it will be because he thinks confidence will be aided rather than injured by the feeling that non-official collaboration in the work of planning is taking place.

The very possibility that confidence might be aided by such a gesture is another striking characteristic of the times. The abuse which has been heaped upon Congress gives evidence of it. Suggestions of the desirability of a super-political government to seek the national economic interest have been found all the way from the tabloids to Walter Lippmann. Appeals to lay aside partisan considerations and local issues have become trite. Congress, as a deliberative and representative body, is felt to be too slow, too clumsy, too venal and too tied to the interests of parts of the nation to give powerful enough and rapid enough effect to the interest of the nation as a whole. The New York Daily Graphic, demanding "the spine and grit to resort to heroic measures," asks for "an immediate union of all the statesmanship that can be mustered at Washington for the formation of an *American* government." Walter Lippmann points out that in other nations suffering severely from the fiscal pressure of the depression, coalitions cutting across party lines and acting by the methods of dictatorship have been required. Nicholas Murray Butler wants the Democratic and Republican conventions to appoint consultative committees for the purpose of uniting on a program and candidates. There is a deep-seated feeling that in the emergency we must lay aside our habitual and constitutional forms of government for another type of agency which can act drastically and promptly.

This agitation combines a great value with a great danger. It is true that representative government of the usual type is too clumsy and inefficient to govern a complex economy like ours. Its only valid justification has lain in the assumption that this economy does not need governing and ought not to be governed. Our political system, with its checks and balances, its separation of executive, legislative and judicial powers, its constitutional limitations, its parties, its blocs, is well adapted to prevent government from interfering too much with special interests and groups, and on occasion to advance the privileges of some of these interests and groups, but it is not well adapted to execute logical and coherent programs in behalf of a total society. This truth has in recent years, and especially in recent months, been expressed chiefly in the form of an attack upon Congress as such, and an exaltation of the President as a representative of the whole national interest. This is the danger. For the charge lies in truth against the President and the courts fully as much as against Congress. The President is, to be sure, one man instead of many, and consequently spends less time in debate with himself and can make up his mind more promptly. But it does not follow that the conclusions at which he arrives are any more soundly based or express the true interest of the majority any better than the conclusions at which Congress eventually arrives. President Hoover, like Presidents Harding and Coolidge before him, is swayed by his prejudices in favor of private economic enterprise and by his sympathy and association with men of wealth far more than are most members of Congress. He, too, represents a bloc—or perhaps we may call it a class. The spirit of democracy which still finds expression in Congress, the latent feeling that rich men are no better or more capable than poor ones, and that you do not have a government better fitted to seek the interests of the masses by keeping the successful economic competitors in positions of power, is something that the nation may disregard only at its peril. In spite of its clumsiness as an instrument of action, Congress

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is in its feeling on many issues more representative of the national interest than Mr. Hoover.

One senses in the present agitation for a super-government more than a trace of the spirit of fascism. It is based on the fears, the prejudices, the neurotic impatience, of the middle class. It does not reckon with the economic facts and the recommendations on policy made by the better economists or the social scientists in general. Any voluntary cabinet or council which the President might call into being would be agitated by these fears and prejudices; it would consist of outstanding figures among the politicians, the bankers and business men whose private interests and stupidity have been responsible for the long series of blunders which have landed us where we are. It would, perhaps, be ready to act ruthlessly in suppressing dissentients, but it would act on behalf of unbaked policies. It would be right in recognizing the need for a program which could be effectuated, but it would almost inevitably choose the wrong program.

What is the way out of this dilemma? We must have planning, but it ought to be good planning, based on democratic assumptions. This being the case, Congress ought not to leave the planning to the President and his personal, unofficial choices. It ought not to adjourn, leaving the field clear for the activity of an embryo fascist government. Senator La Follette has introduced a bill for a National Economic Council, a carefully considered measure for setting up the agency to begin economic planning by constitutional means. This bill, in our opinion, is not yet so good as it should be; it ought to be amended to set forth the purposes of the planning which are in the minds of Senator La Follette and his advisers—increase of the national income and its better distribution, combined with more stable operation of our economy. It does, however, provide that the members of the Council are to be chosen, not as representatives of interests, but as non-political experts in various fields, devoted to the national interest as a whole. It provides that their conclusions are to be based upon accumulation of existing and lacking statistics, a mobilization of facts about the objectives in view. It provides that they proceed to make programs for organizing the several industries to achieve these objectives. And it provides that the Council report back to Congress its recommendations for necessary legislation. In other words, it sets up a brain for our economy, for our institutions both governmental and private. It proposes the central mobilization of information and purpose which is necessary. It does not mean the complete abdication of the most nearly democratic agency we have, or the enthronement of a President who represents mainly the central institutions of capitalism. This is the right way to begin the coördination which we need.

It may be that our society is one which must be driven toward social planning by first lashing furiously toward the right, and then reacting with equal passion toward the left. We may proceed through fascism to communism. Social planning must come, in one form or another. But there may still be self-possession enough among us to proceed with intelligence and effectiveness combined. If Congress can muster the coherent strength to set up a National Economic Council, it need not surrender its guardianship of the democratic spirit.

A Threat to the National Forests

THREE years ago, when Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, newly appointed Secretary of the Interior, was beginning to unlimber his restless, ranging and sometimes unsafe mind on what he was pleased to call his "new public-land policy," a wicked and witty Washington correspondent dashed off a prophetic epigram to his home paper. "Mr. Taft," he said, "had his Ballinger; Mr. Harding had his Fall; has Mr. Hoover his Wilbur?" Meaning, of course, not that Dr. Wilbur contemplated any wrongdoing, but that he had already begun to display some of the capacity of certain of his predecessors for making the public-land problem a matter of grave public concern.

As Dr. Wilbur's new public-land policy has unfolded itself, one begins to ask if, after all, there was not perhaps more truth than poetry, more pertinence than impertinence, in the epigram. We commented at length in our issue of February 24 on the administration plan, fathered by Dr. Wilbur, to cede the vast grazing lands of the unreserved public domain to the Western states. This ill conceived and scantily considered plan, evolved by one of Mr. Hoover's luckless and heterogeneous commissions, is unanimously opposed by the foremost experts on the public-land and conservation problems, who point out that the scheme is reactionary, anti-social, monopolistic and oblivious to important public, national interests, especially in watershed protection. It is a satisfaction to note that the National Grange, the Society of American Foresters, the National Conference on Land Utilization and other competent agencies have come out against the scheme.

There are other phases of Dr. Wilbur's new land policy that deserve comment—such, for example, as his dangerous efforts to have the national forests transferred from the Department of Agriculture to the Interior Department, where they would be subjected, in due time, to the same destructive philosophy which has in the past dissipated so much of our public-land wealth. But for the moment we confine our comments to one further phase of the grazing-lands controversy. Dr. Wilbur's plan has been formulated in the Evans Bill

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now before Congress, which embodies all the recommendations of the President's Public Domain Commission for the cession of the public domain to the states. This bill, thoroughly unsound as respects the public domain, is rendered doubly bad by a vicious proposal concerning the national forests—a proposal which opens Dr. Wilbur to the charge of bringing the Hoover administration dangerously close to the fast and loose handling of the public lands foreshadowed by the epigrammatist we quoted above.

Let us examine this proposal. After providing for the cession of the public domain to the states, the Evans Bill provides that certain controversial matters shall be assigned to boards appointed by the President, one for each state containing more than four hundred thousand acres of federal land. Each board shall contain five members, one named by the President, one each by the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture, and two members by the Governor of the state concerned.

What are the powers of these boards? First, before the cession is made to the states, the boards are to recommend for or against the proposal of the Forest Service to add certain public-domain lands to the national forests. Second, they are to select other public-domain lands needed for such federal purposes as migratory bird refuges, military reservations, national parks, etc. And now comes the joker. These boards are to recommend not only additions to, but *eliminations from,* the national forests. If they find that, in their opinion, any portion of our 160,000,000 acres of national-forest land is not primarily valuable for timber production or for the protection of stream flow (the primary purposes of their original creation), they are to recommend its elimination, whereupon it would automatically become a part of the great cession of other public-domain lands to the states.

And to whom will these boards make their recommendations for turning over portions of the national forests to the states and thence to private purchasers? To the Secretary of Agriculture, who is charged by Congress with full responsibility for the administration and protection of the great national-forest system? To the National Forest Reservation Commission, which for more than twenty years has competently discharged the task of building up the national forests of the East by the federal forest-purchase program and which could, by an extension of authority, pass on any necessary elimination? No. These Boards will make their recommendations solely to the Secretary of the Interior, who has no administrative responsibility whatever for the national forests.

This proposal, which in effect gives the power of dismembering the national forests into the hands of irresponsible political boards and of a Cabinet [illegible] nation" to Dr. Wilbur or to the department of

bility toward the national forests, is the most serious menace the national-forest system has undergone since its creation by President Roosevelt in 1905. When we remember the vast magnitude of the land involved (equal to one-eleventh of the area of the United States), containing almost limitless quantities of standing virgin timber (one-fifth of all the timber in the United States) and priceless recreational areas, many of them comparable in grandeur and public value to the national parks, we can understand what choice pickings these boards will have in their quest for suitable "eliminations" and what irresistible and greedy political pressure will be brought upon them by state legislatures, municipalities, chambers of commerce, "developers" and plain land-hogs, with their eyes focused on choice areas of national-forest land that can so easily be classified as not necessary for timber production or stream-flow protection.

Under the best conceivable conditions this proposal would have to be condemned as a violation of orderly government and honest administrative procedure. It would hopelessly split administrative responsibility, in fact utterly destroy it. It would entrust highly difficult and technical matters to amateur boards, each with its own special and different and conflicting misconceptions of its task. It would inevitably make conservation the football of politics after a quarter of a century of considerable success in keeping conservation out of the noble game.

That is the best that can be said of these boards, even with an excellent personnel. But what are we to expect of Mr. Hoover? His administration has been marked by numerous reactionary appointments—the Water Power Commission, for example. If he should receive authority to appoint these boards (which Heaven and Congress forbid), we can accurately guess that the majority of them would be political and reactionary and would be simply tools in the hands of Western interests eager to obtain the rich resources of the national forests.

And what are we to expect from Dr. Wilbur? He is responsible for the scheme to turn the public domain over to the states. He has said, too, that it is conceivable that later the national forests should be turned over to the states. He has heartily damned the federal government as a land administrator. And he is head of a department which, for the most part, has been conspicuously anti-conservation, frequently hostile to the national-forest enterprise, and has been, more than once during the present century, the scene of gigantic and nauseous scandals in the handling of the public lands. For those who believe that the national forests are a priceless national possession (and that has long been the verdict of the American people), it will seem hardly prudent to trust "elimi-

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If any further eliminations are to be made from the national forests, let the work be carried on by the responsible agency concerned, the Department of Agriculture, under the supervision, if need be, of the National Forest Reservation Commission. We say "further" advisedly, because the Forest Service has on many occasions, of its own initiative, eliminated extensive areas that were too hastily included in earlier surveys. The Forest Service has never been considered laggard, incompetent, selfish or narrow in the discharge of its public duties.

The Harlan Miners Go to Trial

THE VARIOUS delegations of writers, students, clergymen and others who have gone to Kentucky have furnished the newspapers with vivid front-page stories; and curiously enough, the public attention has thereby been diverted from the serious predicament confronting the miners whom those delegations sought to aid. The delegations have driven home the fact that starvation is rife among the miners and their families; and that the officials of the law in the mining communities, in their desire to keep the miners subjugated, care nothing for freedom of speech. But many people have forgotten, in the midst of all this hurly-burly, that forty-one miners have still to be tried for first-degree murder, under circumstances which justify the gravest doubts that justice will be done; and that two other men have already been tried on the same charge and under the same circumstances, have been found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

The murder cases arise from last year's strike, in the course of which at least twelve men have been killed. Of these twelve, four were professional gangsters, in the pay of the coal owners, but masquerading as deputy sheriffs. It is entirely possible that the casualties on both sides have been much greater than this. The Kentucky mountains have a tradition of violence; men habitually go armed, and are accustomed to shoot in defense of their own rights. But it should also be added that the mine owners have pushed this tradition of violence beyond all reason. They have imported, from Chicago and elsewhere, professional gunmen who have brought the tactics of Al Capone into the coal areas. The officials whose duty it is to keep the peace are only too eager to lick the boots of the mine owners, and have sworn in many members of these private armies as deputies.

Such honest and unprejudiced local sentiment in Harlan and Bell Counties as exists appears to be with the miners; and the authorities, knowing this, attempted to have the trial held two hundred miles away, in an agricultural region where the farmers know nothing of the problem of coal and have the customary hysterical fear of "radicalism." If the trial had been held at this distance, the defense would have been put to an impossible burden of expense for transporting and feeding its witnesses, an expense to which the state of Kentucky would not contribute. Fortunately, this plan has now been defeated, and the trials are to be held at Harlan.

Three men have already been tried, and two of them, as we have said, found guilty of conspiracy to murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. It is ominous to note that these two men, William Hightower and W. B. Jones, were president and secretary, respectively, of one of the locals of the United Mine Workers' Association. The prosecution did not even attempt to show that these men were at the scene of the shooting, and the conspiracy charge is described on good authority as a trumped-up excuse to get these men out of the way, an excuse which would have had no standing with a jury concerned to see justice done. Among the forty-one defendants still awaiting trial, there are more than twenty of the outstanding leaders among the miners, and it may be taken for granted that the mine owners will spare no expense, and no activity, to get long prison terms, or the electric chair, for as many of these men as possible. Only one of these trials has thus far resulted in an acquittal. William Burnett, a miner, made a plea of self-defense, and the facts were so obviously in his favor that the jury set him free.

The defense of the forty-one miners (the first trial begins at the end of this month) is being conducted by the General Defense Committee of the I. W. W., whose headquarters are at 555 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill. We hardly need to mention either that the Committee is terribly short of money for its operations, or that the importance of the cases should be obvious to anyone. The New Republic does not believe that men who are guilty should go unpunished; but it does believe that every man is entitled to a fair trial, and that the forty-one miners in Kentucky are very unlikely to receive such a trial, as things are now going. One can make no better contribution, at the moment, to the maintenance of American ideals in the execution of justice than to assist in defending these men.

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Franklin D. Roosevelt

The Patron of Politics

DESPITE his recent reverses, Governor Roosevelt still has an excellent chance of winning the Democratic nomination and, as things are now going, of being elected President next November. Let me say at once that such a consummation would be no calamity for the American people. If we judge him, not against a standard of ultimate values, but by comparison with any other man who has a chance of occupying the White House during the next four years, he stands up very well. He is a better man and would make a better President than Baker, Young, Garner, Murray or Ritchie. I personally prefer the Al Smith of 1928 to the Roosevelt of 1932; but even if Smith were as good a man today as he was four years ago, and I doubt this, either his nomination or his election is utterly out of the question. And certainly, Roosevelt is a better man than Coolidge, a very much better man than Harding or Hoover.

A list of the issues on which Roosevelt seems to me to be right is impressive both by its length and the importance of the items. He is at least 80-percent right on the power question, which is one of the two or three outstanding problems before the people today. He is right in saying that agriculture and industry must be brought into equality. He is right in denouncing the tariff as a handicap to trade, in endorsing (though rather vaguely) the principle of economic planning, in his scheme for agricultural rehabilitation in New York State. I agree with his belief that control of liquor ought to be restored to the states, and only wish that he himself would speak out more vigorously about it. While I regret that he recently permitted himself to be bullied by Hearst into making a statement antagonistic to the League of Nations, I am confident that if elected he would be ten times more vigorous in promoting international understanding and a restoration of world prosperity than Mr. Hoover has been. I applaud his courage in doubling the state income tax in order to obtain funds to feed the hungry. One of the tests of intelligence is the ability to take competent advice in fields where one is himself ignorant, and on this score Roosevelt stands very high. He is using, at the present time, some of the best economic advisers it is possible to obtain.

What are the items to be put into the other side of the balance? For my part, I am not greatly concerned with what Roosevelt may have done fifteen years ago. It is charged, for instance, that at that time, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he was an ardent militarist, that he participated without protest in the imperialistic policy of [illegible] and even wrote the indefensible Constitution for Haiti. (This last indictment I believe he now denies.) While it is true that fundamental character changes but little, it is also true that many men take color from their surroundings, and that the Franklin Roosevelt of today is a very different person from the one of two or three decades ago. It seems to me fairly unimportant to judge him now on the policies of those pre-war days, whether they stand against him, as in the cases just mentioned, or for him, as in the instance of his progressivism in 1911, when as a member of the New York State Senate he opposed a Tammany candidate for the United States Senate.

Much more important is his present relationship to Tammany, and this is by all odds the worst single item in his political career. New York State is so divided politically that it is almost impossible for a Democrat to be elected Governor without Tammany's support, and that support put Roosevelt in Albany in 1928 and again in 1930. I do not for a moment suggest any sort of secret understanding between Roosevelt and the Wigwam, whereby he pledged himself in advance to carry out its wishes; theirs is an implicit relationship, an obligation of gratitude, which is perhaps all the more binding upon a man of the Governor's type. One hardly needs to point out, either, how his case fits the definition of the man who said that "Gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come." New York has ninety votes in the Democratic national convention, and many of these are controlled by John F. Curry, the leader of Tammany Hall. Mr. Roosevelt will find it difficult to get his necessary two-thirds without them. The Democrats, moreover, want to win the election; and they know that it will be hard to do so without a candidate who can carry New York. The political wiseacres all insist that no Democrat can win New York without Tammany's support—and there you are. If any naïve person should arise to say, "But surely Tammany would support any Democratic candidate, when it comes to the election," the answer is that Tammany cares very little about national politics. Tammany exists for one thing: money. Its purpose, first, last and always, is to get the money. It would much prefer to work with a dishonest Republican, with whom it could come to an understanding, than with an honest Democrat with whom it could not, whether in New York, in Albany or Washington. If Roosevelt betrayed Tammany, Tammany would cheerfully knife him in the convention or the election. And nobody knows this better than Franklin D.

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It is this situation which accounts for his thor-

oughly bad record in connection with the Hofstadter Committee's investigation of municipal corruption in New York, which has now been going on so long that only the oldest inhabitants can remember back to the times when Mr. Seabury's name was not on the front page every day. It is urged in Roosevelt's behalf that the investigation was itself a piece of partisan politics; that it was begun by the Republicans in the hope of embarrassing the Democrats, and that the rule of the G. O. P. in the upstate cities which it controls is on all fours with what Tammany is doing in New York. That such an argument is offered merely shows how warped is all our thinking about politics and honesty nowadays: for certainly the existence of a thief in the next town does not palliate the presence of a burglar in this one.

It is not necessary to recite again in detail the story of Roosevelt's relation to the exposures of dishonesty and incompetence among New York City officials. He has used his power of removal from office only once, and then not until the scandal had become so flagrant that he could no longer ignore it. As he did so, he sought by every means in his power to placate Tammany regarding the action, and there is reason to believe that he was successful. He has flatly refused to remove from office, or to assist in the prosecution of, other officials who are quite as unfit as Sheriff Farley. Particularly bad is his record in regard to John Theofel, clerk of the Surrogate's Court of Queens County, and Sheriff James A. McQuade of Kings County. Of the absolute unfitness of these men there is no question; not even Tammany has the effrontery to defend them in public. Yet when the Reverend John Haynes Holmes and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, acting on behalf of the City Affairs Committee, wrote to the Governor to enlist his aid against these men, he made an extraordinary reply. Not only did he refuse to take any action, but he excoriated Messrs. Holmes and Wise in the most violent terms, and for reasons which any ten-year-old should have been able to see were unsound. He pretended that they had asked that Theofel be removed without a hearing, when they had done nothing of the sort; and in regard to McQuade, he tried to lay the whole burden on the shoulders of the voters who, so he said, had elected this man to office after the facts about him were well known. (McQuade was given the Democratic nomination in a primary election three weeks before the revelations of the Hofstadter Committee, and broadly speaking, there are no Republicans in his territory.) His letter to Holmes and Wise seems to me a direct charge against Governor Roosevelt's character. He may be able to explain it satisfactorily to himself; but he certainly cannot do so to any independent observer.

I am aware that Roosevelt's whole relationship to Tammany can be made the object of an elaborate

> Roosevelt wants to be President. Not only is this a legitimate ambition for any American citizen, but in his case his past record and his native endowment justify the belief that he would serve the country well—certainly much better than it has been served in the past twelve years. By the accident of geography and political affiliation, he has little hope of becoming President unless he is aided by Tammany Hall, despite the fact that it is utterly corrupt and venal. But once he gets into the White House, the story will be entirely different. He will then be his own man, and will kick away the Tammany ladder by which he has climbed. At heart he is as intolerant of Tammany as anyone else; but he believes that in this case the end justifies the means; that it is more important to become President than to express himself vigorously at present on the local issue of New York City politics and thereby throw away his chance to achieve the highest honor in the gift of his fellow countrymen.

Any quantity of people will agree with this position, and will find themselves unable to understand those who oppose it; and to such people I, for one, can only say that I think they are wrong. This is just the argument by which Herbert Hoover's friends, in 1928, sought to explain away his alliances with the most sordid practical politicians in the Republican party; and it is worth remembering that the promises then made on his behalf were never fulfilled: the entanglements have been growing deeper and stronger for four years. There may be well authenticated instances of men who have attained high office with the aid of dubious allies, and have then repudiated those allies; but I cannot recall them. It is, moreover, questionable whether the argument attributed to Mr. Roosevelt is correct, taken at its lowest terms. In the eyes of most people throughout the United States his alliance with Tammany is his gravest liability. Despite the opinions of the experts, who knows whether he might not be closer to success if he had chosen to defy the Wigwam, to help turn the rascals out of office, to make his stand on a vigorous declaration in favor of common honesty?

Important as is this objection to Mr. Roosevelt, there is one which goes much deeper, and has to do with his whole attitude toward politics as a career. He is one of the few examples in this generation of the son of wealth and social position who has deliberately chosen to enter the political arena. He would probably agree with this year's editor of The Yale News, who wrote the other day that politics is a dirty business; but he would presumably add that when men of his background go in for it, it is by that much purified and transmuted. He is a patron of politics; despite the effectiveness with which he plays the game at its realistic worst, he, like Woodrow Wilson, condescends toward the people he would help and the problems he seeks to solve. It is true, he makes excellent speeches about "the forgotten man"; but he is no spokesman for that man by any blood brotherhood; he has just read about him in books. In this world of desperate

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the effectiveness of the scholar-gentleman even when he means as well as anyone can. Many people whose opinions I am accustomed to respect take his progressivism seriously; but to me he seems rather the good fellow who talks in terms of restitution to the poor, but would not do anything which would seriously hurt the rich. And the rich must be seriously hurt before our economic maladjustment is cured.

My skepticism toward Mr. Roosevelt as a progressive is part, I must admit, of a larger skepticism regarding the role of the President in our national life. Many observers have pointed out the harm done by our emphasis on personalities rather than principles; and never does the point need to be driven home more firmly than when the Democratic party seems on the point of nominating a liberal-minded man with such an excellent program as Governor Roosevelt has put into his show window. But the Democrats will remain the Democrats; Congress will remain Congress; and it will still be true that you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, whoever sits in the refrigerated White House office. If you want drastic reform—and intelligent people must now be agreed that nothing less will serve—you must elect to office not merely a President who knows the right things to say and says them, but Senators and Congressmen who understand what is happening and what needs to be done. And if you can't hope to elect such men, this is just as good a year as any other to cast a ballot of protest against all feeble palliatives, however attractive the labels on the package. Franklin D. Roosevelt is intelligent, personally honest, notably progressive for one of his background; and if you don't want four years of disappointment at the result of your vote, I suggest that you might well vote for the Socialist candidate, whatever individual (named Norman Thomas) he happens to be.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Babbitt Looks at the Depression

And do you think a man, that has no wit
To argue upon these rare points, will argue me
Out of my money?
Aristophanes in "The Clouds."

HENDRIK VAN LOON implied recently that the man in the street knows as much about the crisis as the House of Morgan and then added that not one person in a million has the slightest notion of what it is all about. During recent months I have queried a variety of individuals in various parts of the country to get their reactions to the depression. There follow a few typical selections from my notebook. The reader may judge concerning the validity of at least the latter half of Mr. Van Loon's remark.

Kirkwood is a successful baker living in a large Florida city. Although he contends that all the bakers in that vicinity are losing money despite the fact that the price of bread remains unchanged, he appears affluent. Kirkwood, who comes from Iowa, ascribes the depression to the collapse of the farmer's buying power. "If the farmer were prosperous," he said, "we'd all be prosperous. What the government should do is freeze the prices on all agricultural products at a level which will yield the farmer a fair margin above his costs. Then the farmer would be in a position to buy from the city folks. Manufacturers and merchants would have a market for their products. They'd hire the unemployed and soon the ball would be rolling." I suggested the same scheme ought to be applied to country. Those big bugs get too much money. out many times more bread than the whole west coast of Florida could consume even if bread were the sole source of food. "That's just how I look at it," he replied. "Then we could pay more for wheat and help the farmer back to prosperity."

Hagen is a successful Illinois newspaper owner, who rose from a three-dollar-a-week job as office flunkey. He voted for Hoover and considers Republicanism and prosperity to be synonymous terms. "Yes, our advertising's off quite a bit, but not as much as in a good many other places. What's wrong with this country is we produce too much of everything and our people live too high. If they'd cut down production all around, the market could absorb the output and things would be like in '28 and '29. . . . No, income's distributed all right in this country. Lots better than in Europe." Would curtailing production hurt advertising? Hagen doesn't believe so. Would it reduce the level of living, since fewer things would be produced? "No, we can't sell what we do produce. . . . Well, I hope Hoover gets us out of it—if Congress would only give him a chance."

Anderson is a barber, a Georgia cracker who moved to a resort town in Florida during the land boom. "I ain't a smart man," he said. "Otherwise, I wouldn't be in this trade. I get twenty-five cents a hair cut, and there's not much hair to cut. Five years ago I was getting seventy-five cents, not counting tips. Tell you what's wrong with this

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fellows there in Washington. I'd cut them down to $3,000 a year. Any decent man can live on that. We'd get rid of this government debt the papers are talking about. Things would be hummin' in a month."

Walters is a retired farmer living in a small Indiana town. He completed four years of schooling and then went to work as a farmhand. By dint of grueling farm work, often fourteen hours a day, and careful living, Walters was able to retire at the age of fifty. He is fairly shrewd, but is at the same time trusting. Governments are good. Laws should be obeyed. A public official, or an investment banker, or a factory manager, is an honest, competent individual. Otherwise, he wouldn't be holding down the job. In 1920 Walters sold what land he owned. So far the buyers have paid about one-third of the contract price of the land and Walters holds a mortgage for the balance. Today this land would not bring half what it brought in 1920. Walters borrowed money from the bank and put it all in Brazilian bonds. When the bank cashier said, "Don't put all your eggs in one basket," Walters replied, "They're government securities. Governments stand back of what they borrow. Brazil's paying 8 percent. That's better than those French bonds which went from 85 to 118." When the Brazil bond prices began to toboggan during the Brazilian revolution, Walters didn't worry. "They're government bonds," he said. Last summer he watched the paper daily for the quotations. He said nothing to his sister, who, on his advice, put her life savings in Brazilian bonds. Now the bonds are in default, and he owes the bank. What's wrong? "Overproduction, we produce too much of everything. If we cut down all around we'd be better off." What about Walters' future? He's nearly 70. Well, I saw it had not dawned on him. He thinks he need at most only cut his scale of living in half, but his local banker knows better. No, Walters holds no grudge against the New York investment bankers. How did they know a government wouldn't make good?

Higgins runs the theatres in a Middle West town. So far Fox and Publix have stayed out and he's doing a fair business. He boosts the policemen's annual benefit, so they keep all the street carnivals out of the town. If only free band concerts were stopped, Higgins could keep out of the red even during the summer. The factories in Higgins' town are working only part time, pay rolls are down, and this hurts the theatre business. "Trouble with the American workers is their standard of living's too high. The War spoiled them. We can't compete with the low-standard European labor. We're having trouble selling abroad. We won't get out of this until the American worker accepts a European level of living. Then we can sell abroad and our factories can hire workers." Would long as prices stay down and the laboring man stays away from this instalment buying, he can easily afford the theatre."

Adams is a successful physician connected with a large Florida industrial plant. Recently his salary was chopped in half. "I don't know what to make of it all," he said. "I'm afraid to put any of my money in a bank the way they're toppling over every place. I've loaded up with life insurance. Coolidge says its a good investment. I do have a little General Motors. It's bound to go up, don't you think? The market crash didn't catch many down here. They didn't have anything. The land boom cleaned them out, and all the banks went to pieces. I don't know what ought to be done about straightening things out. I'm holding to my insurance and General Motors and sitting tight. Things are bound to pick up. They always have."

Nettie is fifty-five years old. She has worked in a knitting mill in a small Ohio town most of her life. Her sister until recently was secretary to a big New York hotel manager. Her brothers have been successful business men on a small scale, that is, all but one who is a minister. Nettie has always been proud of her brothers' and sister's success. She has always boasted of all the work she does at home, caring for her invalid mother, making things for the "boys" and so on. Until recently life was fairly kind to Nettie. Her brothers and sister helped defray the costs of caring for her mother. Then came bad luck. Nettie was put on part time at the mill and finally lost her job altogether. Then she took to bed with dropsy, her sister lost her job, her brothers suffered. "What do you make of it all?" I asked her. She gave no definite answers. Unemployment was not caused by bad management or by men. It just happens like rain. No, she was not happy that some of her incompetent bosses lost their fat salaried jobs. Nothing could be done. Somehow God would take care of things. This world didn't count for so much after all. Yes, that's the way a lot of workers looked at it, she thought.

Murchison is a teacher of business law and economics, hailing from Virginia. He is said to be "heavy on himself," talks of his exploits during the War, of the countries he's visited, of his "unique but sound and realistic" views of life. Murchison never turns down a chance to speak in public. Last spring he lectured a Hiram Club on "What's become of the depression?" It seems no one had panhandled him for a month. Ergo, there's no depression. Murchison had a one-year contract where he was teaching. But he wasn't worried about a job. "School enrolment will be good, they'll be wanting more teachers than ever." By August, Murchison had no job. He was despondent. Having some pull, however, he landed a job the last of

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who likes to stud his college catalogue with Ph.D's. At present Murchison admits there's a depression, but he says it can't last long on the basis of past history.

Here and there one encounters a certain exuberance over the effects of the depression. Reverend Minderman, an Ohio minister of evangelical persuasion, is happy to see his church full again. "Sin caused this depression. People forgot God. Now they're getting back to Him again. That's the best thing they can do to restore prosperity."

Parker, an agent who sells cut-rate insurance to garages in a territory out of Los Angeles, commented over a juicy Pullman-diner steak, "These damned garage men can see a bargain these days. A year ago they didn't care what they paid for insurance. Now they come to me because I got a proposition."

Jameson, who represents a New York business school and was building up a clientele east of New Orleans, was enthusiastic. "Goddam, it's times like these that show them what an education means. If they haven't got a job, they can well employ their time taking our courses. If they have got jobs, they are forced to educate themselves to hold onto them."

The successful growth of Russian state socialism is affecting American psychology. During previous depressions when the jobless hungered and small business men wished for sales and professional men saw bad investments swallow their savings, few thought there was an alternative to the anarchic capitalism of the day. "Muddling through" seemed the best and only policy. Happy days would come again. Today these same persons see there is an alternative. They read of Russia, where all are working, where jobs beg for men. Consider Curtis, for instance. He runs a garage and auto-paint business in a large Texas city. Twice previously depressions have cleaned him out. Today, as a result of a bank crash, he's on the ragged edge again. A volatile go-getter, he will probably pull through. A year ago he told a friend who criticized American business men and praised Socialism to go to Russia if he didn't like this country. This year he evinces admiration for Russia. "Looking at it as an economist," he questioned, "do you think that planning idea's feasible here? Who'll put it into effect? Won't it step on some toes? Anyhow, if we don't take a cue from Russia, we're going to wake up Bolshevik some morning." Or consider Davis, one of the leading physicians of a large California city. He works ten hours a day at his practice, is a keen, impersonal thinker. "If these damned business men don't learn to run things like us professional men, if they refuse tips from Russia, we'll all go to pot one of these days."

What's to Be Done about It?

"A tariff on cotton," says a Mobile filling-station proprietor. "A tariff on copper," said a Bisbee merchant. "Let the movies revive that 'get rid of fear and spend your money' campaign," said a Colorado hotel man. "Hard work and less talk," says a Missouri banker. "Abolish prohibition," states a Chicagoan. "A moratorium on machinery," says a mining-town merchant. From persons in a half-dozen occupations in a half-dozen states: "Throw out the Republicans." "Put money into circulation." "Get rid of profits." "Get rid of tariffs." "Time." "Nothing."

What's to be done about it? I didn't ask the Kansas farmer who dumped his twenty-five-cents-a-bushel wheat into the streets of Topeka. Or the Junior League miss who got her picture in the paper as spiritual compensation for raising "doles" for the needy. Or the charitably inclined novelist who pays $3 for a twenty-five-cent plate of beans "on condition that the profits go to the needy." Or the Florida sheriff who trucks "visitors without visible means of support" to the next county line. Or the person who says "we've gotten through worse depressions than this." Or the artist who drew the "we'll see it through if you will" signs for Mr. Gifford. Or any one of the millions who are learning absolutely nothing from the present depression. Or any one of those who died of malnutrition the very day this was written.

Joseph J. Spengler.

He Is Dead and Gone, Lady

I loved two men,
  But he has died
Who loved not when
  For love I sighed.
Grow old, division!
  Refine your dart!
In dumb submission
  We lie apart.

As fain would we
  Who kept our lives;
Though flesh agree
  The spirit strives;
And in my grieving
  I wish instead
The loath were living,
  The living—dead.

Still to be wooed,
  Still to be won,
Vainly I brood
  On love forgone;
I would be liefer
  Sunk in my shroud,
To lay me for ever
  With ploughman and
    ploughed.

A. E. Coppard.

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Too Stately Mansions

EVEN IN these hard times, New Yorkers have one or two advantages over residents of smaller towns. Here a man's misfortunes are not a matter of public knowledge unless he himself chooses to make them known; if he prefers (as apparently some people do) to starve rather than lean on the charity of his overburdened friends, he can starve in decent privacy, without feeling that the spectacle of his misery adds to the distress of the neighbors. And those who are still keeping their heads above water, however precariously, can take some solace and refreshment from what they can see by lifting up their eyes.

The New York skyline is the most stupendous monument ever erected by human aspiration. People from the interior who haven't been able to afford a trip to New York since October, 1929, would never recognize it; the last great crop of buildings projected and begun before the crash, and only lately finished, has changed the skyline more in the last three years than anything that was done in two decades before. Most of our very tall buildings are recent erections; a few of them are eyesores, but there are a dozen or more that can be counted among the finest achievements of American art. The New Yorker has the feeling that he is living in a great museum as he looks around him and sees cloud-piercing towers leaping skyward on every side—an unfailing refreshment and inspiration to everybody except the people who are so unfortunate as to own them. For these majestic monuments are largely empty, and almost every day sees another one going into receivership.

Look at them on a winter evening, when the sun sets before the offices are closed, and see how many of those soaring bulks stand out black and untenanted against the stars. Some few managements save their pride at the cost of considerable increase in the overhead by turning on the lights in empty offices; but the majority, more candid or more parsimonious, make tacit admission by their darkness that three-quarters of their towering mass is superfluous and unrentable. What this means to the investors in real-estate bonds whose money erected these untenanted mansions has been explained in these pages by Mr. Bernard J. Reis; but what most impresses the casual passer-by is the sheer physical fact of the buildings themselves, immense and empty. With some few exceptions, the newest New York may be described as a sixty-story city unoccupied above the twentieth floor.

Nothing like it was ever known before and nothing to surpass it, perhaps, will ever be known again —at any rate for some centuries. Our descendants five hundred years from now may still be looking at these same buildings (doubtless fallen by that time into more or less picturesque decay); and if there be among them someone with insight into the medieval mind, he may write as intelligently on the New York skyline and the frustrated aspiration that it symbolizes as Henry Adams wrote on the cathedral of Chartres.

What? No more skyscrapers? Well, one can only guess about that, but my guess is as good as yours. A great age of architecture has usually been an age of faith in something or other—faith that justified an expenditure which on the narrower ground of pure economics would have been unprofitable. But faiths have a habit of wearing out, and the faith that nourished the promoters and investors of the nineteen twenties wore out more rapidly than most of them.

I do not know what the average man was thinking in the days when Cheops and Chephren and Mycerinus were building pyramids; but I surmise that he believed that Egypt was living on a new plateau of prosperity, enjoying a new economic era, when the mass production made possible by employing a hundred thousand workers on a single job opened up endless possibilities. No doubt he looked forward to bigger and better pyramids, and dreamed of telling his grandchildren about the old days when the Sphinx was way up town. But the kings of Egypt stopped building pyramids; and subject to correction by those who know, I conjecture that the reason they stopped was the discovery that the economics of Egypt could not stand the strain, combined perhaps with a suspicion that whatever religious purpose the pyramids served could be served just about as well by something considerably less expensive.

The Roman Empire in the days of the Antonines was more like our own country in the late Coolidge era than was any other age of past history; and its cities were heavily overbuilt. Not with business structures; the Romans built temples, theatres, porticos, baths, for the physical and esthetic gratification of the citizenry. Also, their building boom left no trail of despoiled investors behind it; the temples and baths were erected by rich men who wanted to beautify the home town and were obliged to, by custom that had almost the force of law. Roman cities were more splendid than anything else the world has seen till lately, and probably considerably more beautiful than ours; but they achieved that splendor at an exorbitant price. They built, thinks the learned Rostovtzev, more than the economics of their society could stand; their magnificence was a false front.

That false front was a gesture of faith—faith in Rome, in the existing order. If men had fore-

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seen the long series of wars, civil and external, that were coming, wars whose cost could be met only by recurrent and ruinous levies on capital, they would have put less of that capital into mere embellishment.

The great age of cathedral building in France absorbed, says Adams, the better part of the wealth of the country. "The bourgeois had put an enormous share of his capital into what was in fact an economical speculation . . . devoted to shortening the road to Heaven." But presently the bourgeois perceived that "prayer without money seemed to be quite as efficacious as prayer with money" and that "his enormous money investment had proved to be an almost total loss." Quarrel with the language if you like, but the fact is undeniable that the high faith of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries cooled in the fourteenth, and that thereafter men who had money to put into building seldom built cathedrals with it.

The devout (Adams included) have derided Edward Gibbon for standing before the cathedral of Amiens (or was it Beauvais?) and "darting a contemptuous look on the stately monument of superstition." But the gesture relieved Gibbon's feelings and did no harm to the stately monument; and if Adams is right, it was not the first contemptuous look the stately monument had survived. Many a man who had invested his lifetime savings in mansions in the skies, and then discovered that he got along no better than the indifferent or profane, must have looked at that cathedral with much the same emotion that an investor feels when he contemplates some modern temple of commerce whose mortgage bonds are in default.

The late age of faith in which Calvin Coolidge took the place of Jupiter Optimus Maximus was crasser than any of the foregoing, even the Roman; but it had its religious aspects, and it begins to seem as if it also was persuaded by faith to put too much of the nation's capital into buildings the economic structure cannot support.

There is a school of architects which holds that the skyscraper is already obsolete. The skyscraper's economic utility depends on concentrated land values; if cities are presently to be decentralized, as a good many people expect, the skyscraper may become outmoded in most places. But you cannot decentralize Manhattan Island. There is just so much of it and no more; so long as people live and work there—which will be so long as seaports are not wholly superseded by airports—the skyscraper in this one city will not be an anachronism.

But we cannot have many more skyscrapers than we have now; people would be unable to get around, in the streets or under them. In the ideal society, Manhattan would be a grove of skyscrapers—but scattered skyscrapers, with parks and boulevards intervening; but as a practical measure that is out of the question unless an earthquake or a great air [illegible] buy up all of New York above the twentieth floor. [illegible] Also, skyscrapers are built [illegible] If the Reconstruction Finance Corporation won't

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by people who hope to make money; no more will be built till there is a demand for them, and it may be a long time before there is a demand for those we have already. Doubtless the empty apartment hotels will some day be filled, but at far lower rents than their builders contemplated; and who is going to use the millions of cubic feet of office space, at present empty?

Business? What kind of business? The businesses that filled office buildings in the late age of prosperity were mostly engaged, directly or indirectly, in stimulating sales; an industrial system which was able to produce more and more by the work of fewer and fewer men postponed the impact of unemployment by shifting the surplus workers into distribution. But this depended on the doctrine that sales and consumption were infinitely expansible, and that doctrine is now pretty well exploded. No doubt better times than these are ahead; but the national economy of the future will hardly be able to carry as much unproductive distributional machinery as the society of the twenties tried to carry. And without more and more sales and publicity and advertising organizations, many of which are parasitic, you will never be able to fill even the skyscrapers that already adorn our island.

So there they stand, those magnificent monuments to the faith of the nineteen twenties—a perpetual inspiration to the beholder, provided he never invested any money in them. What is to become of them? The setback skyscrapers of Babylon have crumbled into hills of mud, but steel and concrete do not melt so easily. Of the faith that built the cathedrals of the Ile-de-France, enough has survived to keep those buildings in repair; but the faith that built the Empire State and Chrysler buildings may presently be as dead as Bel and Marduk.

With some diffidence I offer a plan that might put the stately monuments of modern superstition to profitable use. The New York middle class consists largely of immigrants from the interior, most of whom came to town to Get Away from It All. They do not talk much about that impulse nowadays, probably because they have found that if New York turns sour, there is no place to get away to. Even if the South Seas and other fabled paradises had been as represented, they would not do. What the New Yorker wants is the city that New York ought to be—a redistilled Manhattan, freed from its drawbacks (including most of its inhabitants). There, if anywhere, we could get away from it all.

Till lately it seemed as if no such ideal city could be found. But now, right over our heads, there is an uninhabited city about as big as St. Louis, swept and garnished and waiting for somebody to move in. I propose, accordingly, the formation of a company to be called Manhattan Overhead, Inc. (or Castles in the Air, if you prefer), which should

advance the money, Otto Kahn might; and it wouldn't take much money. Owners of buildings that might pay a profit on the first twenty floors would let the useless upper reaches go as cheaply as the government sold off its useless surplus of war material in 1919.

There you have your city; now for the inhabitants. We should need a wise and vigilant committee on admissions, which would be empowered to elect to membership not more than seven hundred thousand of the seven million inhabitants of Manhattan-on-the-Ground. Thereafter admission to Manhattan Overhead would be by ticket only, as in a speakeasy; you might bring in a few friends with you, but the doorman would not be authorized to give them cards in their own names; we might be able to get all the right people in and keep all the wrong people out. In those empty skyscrapers there would be room for restaurants, theaters, everything a city needs; blimp ferries would ply between the towers; anything we lacked could be bought in the shops of Manhattan-on-the-Ground, through which we could pass to the rest of the country as the New Yorker today passes through Albany or Philadelphia.

But, you ask, would Tammany let us go? I think so; our city in the air would have nothing that would enlist Tammany's interest. It is already built; there will be no new construction, consequently no condemnation proceedings and appeals from the zoning law such as make Tammany leaders so prosperous. Taxes? Most of the property we should take over is in arrears on taxes already, or will be soon; Tammany would lose nothing there, and most of the citizens of Manhattan Overhead would be people who vote the Fusion ticket when they remember to vote at all.

And if, despite all this, Mr. John F. Curry still wanted to hold on to us, I think we could buy him off. Our ideal city will need no government, but it must have a Mayor to look after the reception of distinguished visitors, and only one man fills the bill. If New York were a perfect city Jimmie Walker would be its perfect Mayor, and Manhattan Overhead will be a perfect city by definition. Office hours for the Mayor will run from dinner time to breakfast, and any café in which he may happen to find himself will be, *pro tempore*, the City Hall.

Jimmie Walker would be a great asset to Manhattan Overhead and I suspect the Tammany organization begins to find him a liability; if we only promised to take him with us, Mr. Curry would let us go more gladly than Pharaoh released the Israelites; and then at last these soaring towers might be of some practical value. But if for lack of capital or imagination that cannot be done, I doubt if they will ever be of much use to anybody but the artists of some Romantic movement of the future, who may find inspiration in the jagged and ivy-grown ruins of the Empire State Building.

Washington Notes

Young Does Not Choose—McAdoo and His Forty Votes—All Goes Conservative—A Coalition Government?

SO MANY things have been happening in the political ring recently that there is a complete lack of stability about the situation. One cannot tell from day to day in which direction it will shift. Forecasts seemingly based on solid foundations suddenly turn out to have no foundation. I cite, for instance, Mr. Owen D. Young's recent removal of himself from the field of Democratic presidential possibilities.

At no time was there any great probability that Mr. Young could be nominated. None the less, it had been known for a long time that the New York Democrats who were most strongly opposed to Mr. Roosevelt preferred Young above all others and intended to make their real fight for Young at Chicago. The renewed interest in him, occasioned by his speech favoring the equalization fee and his sponsorship of the Democratic proposal of a $2,000,000,000 bond issue for relief, made him the center of political speculation. Columns of news were wired from Washington by the corps of correspondents, and the Young movement was painted as being of formidable proportions. So it was, until Mr. Young pulled the props from under it. He did this in such complete and unequivocal fashion that his closest friends have now accepted it as final, and no "draft Young" effort will be made by them in the convention. And, if it is not made by them, it will not be made at all.

The results of the collapse of this effort, which for more than a year has been kept alive, were several. It unquestionably enhanced Roosevelt's chances by eliminating one strong possible contender, thus again giving to his candidacy that band-wagon flavor it had prior to the—for him—disastrous California primaries. I do not mean for a moment to say it has lessened the opposition to Roosevelt, or that there is any less prospect of a deadlocked convention than before. Its real value to him is in depriving the Smith-Raskob-Shouse-Traylor-Hague element of their first choice for the nomination and leaving them pretty well up in the air with no concrete plan of what to do, if and when they stop Roosevelt.

In Washington the drift is believed now to be very strongly toward Baker, who has one element of strength not heretofore pointed out. I refer to the possible attitude of Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo. Mr. McAdoo heads the California delegation, and it is my information and belief that he will have more influence over those forty votes than Mr. Hearst or Mr. Garner or anyone else. Further, he has a following of his own in other states and some friends among the delegates. Further, he is a flaming personality who counts heavily in a fight. In brief, I think Mr. McAdoo will have to be reckoned with when it comes to naming the candidate.

Now, as to his final attitude. He is for Mr. Garner and publicly insists that Garner will be nominated. Ex-

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whether Mr. McAdoo in his calmer and more candid moments really believes it. What his friends tell me is that his real idea, purpose and hope is to keep the nomination from going to New York. Mr. McAdoo has—and after what the New Yorkers did to him in 1924 it is not hard to understand—a strong anti-New York complex. He is determined that this time no New Yorker shall be named, or anyone picked by the New York group.

His hostility to the Smith-Raskob group is elemental, but it is understood that he is equally opposed to Roosevelt. He will do his best to nominate Garner, but when that possibility fades, as it is sure to do, there is reason to believe he will incline toward Baker. As co-members of the Wilson Cabinet, there was no particular affection between McAdoo and Baker, and in 1924, it is true, Baker was not in the McAdoo camp. None the less, McAdoo would prefer Baker to any other candidate available after the Garner effort has flattened—at least so it is argued.

Aside from this asset, Baker has the friendship of Young, is looked upon with favor by Smith, and has not been mixed up in the anti-Roosevelt movement. All in all, his is the best strategic position at the moment, but the switches come so fast that no one can tell to what degree he will be available in another month.

There has been one other development on the Democratic side, due to the remarkable speech Al Smith made a few days ago. Beyond question the speech strengthened him. It even created a feeling of gratitude among administration spokesmen. It gave Mr. Hoover support in various directions, though it riddled his plan for unemployment relief through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and made his silence on the subject of prohibition seem more unworthy and absurd. That it will have any great effect upon Congress, however, I very much doubt.

There seemed, last week, a chance that the tax bill would be through before this could be printed, but that chance failed to materialize. Democratic dissensions are fully as deep as those on the Republican side, and between the refusal of Mr. Garner to go along the Young-Baruch-Smith lines and his inability to deliver the House if he did go along, the outlook for harmonious and considered action is not so good. Smith's advocacy of the restoration of the sales tax of course encouraged its Senate advocates, but its chances are still a long way from even. One thing Smith did, however, was to give added seriousness in conservative circles to the idea that he, himself, might yet come out of the convention as a candidate. This seems to me too remote a possibility to discuss, but it is discussed none the less. It is bound to be when so many people would like to see it. When he does or says something that arouses the enthusiasm of his friends, even the most realistic of them temporarily forget the practical political barriers. There are times when I think Smith does himself.

It looks now as if the Honorable George Moses knew whereof he spoke some weeks ago, when he declared there was not a Chinaman's chance of an adjournment before the convention, and that Congress would be in session all summer. Night sessions may make a June adjournment possible, but it is not a healthy chance. One hope for who have primary fights and real campaigns in their states and districts. This, however, is offset to a considerable degree by those Senators who do not come up for reëlection this fall and, accordingly, have no personal risk in Washington confinement.

The prospect of Congress in session after June is most appalling to the White House, and it can be considered as certain that every ounce of Hoover's influence will be used to prevent it. To this end, I think the administration is most eager to compromise with Senator Wagner and the Democratic leaders on the federal-relief program. Mr. Hoover, I am told, will go to the limit, and will do anything save agree to a bond issue for which no direct levy is made. Originally this was the Young-Baruch idea, but the danger is that they will not be able to hold "our fellows," as they call them, in line. Pretty nearly everybody agrees that a bond issue will pass. If it does, those close to the President are confident he will veto it.

Certain people who are exceedingly close to Mr. Hoover have whispered to me that one of his real reasons for wanting Congress to adjourn definitely in June is because of his plan to set up a sort of coalition government in Washington, formed along the lines of the Counsel of National Defense during the War. He feels, it is said, that the situation is sufficiently desperate to justify such a move, and he is prepared to make it. He wants to do it in such a way as to avoid creating further public alarm or giving the idea that a dictatorship is being set up in Washington, his purpose being only to gain both public and Democratic support for certain moves he has in mind. I do not know the details of what is in the presidential mind, but, whatever it is, it seems that the adjournment of Congress is essential to putting it into execution.

Washington. T. R. B.

Cheery-Oh

Merry-Go-Round, by Albert Maltz and George Sklar. Avon Theatre, May 16, 1932.

EVERYBODY has heard by now of the move of "Merry-Go-Round" from the Provincetown Playhouse uptown and the vast conscience of the municipal authorities as to the theatre's license or whatever delicate legal matter it was that delayed the opening. The free publicity—our dearest Broadway commodity—ironically bought in this case for a song—has no doubt been of great service to the play and filled the house, for the first few days at least. My going was unfortunately delayed, and the *salle* of the theatre was but amiably complete, the audience notified and friendly, willing to give its attention, but I should not say shaken to its roots, if roots thrive on Broadway.

The event itself, nevertheless, deserves an audience and a full one. To my mind it is far more interesting than "The Last Mile," which I found mostly a sort of boiler-plate mechanics, screwed up with tautness and expertness and patent horror, not to speak of that Wild West revolt of the prisoners which shot off as many guns as the most resourceful movie, without that advantage of native scenery and livestock running around that a proper Ken Maynard

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The story told in "Merry-Go-Round" is that of a bell-hop who happens to be in the room when Stransky is shot. The boy, Ed Martin, is wounded also, not too gravely to lie flat till the curtain, however. Papers have been taken from the murdered man's pocket incriminating the city administration. In a meeting with the mayor, the chief of police, the Chief—Mr. Ian Maclaren, who even in such a realistic part managed to do a bit of stalking and vocalization and came off very well with it—and other city authorities, Ed Martin, the bell-hop, is bullied and persuaded to tell who the gangster was that did the shooting. It was Zig Zelli. But after the indictment has been made, the visit of Zelli's brother and Zelli's lady friend, with photostats of the incriminating papers, quashes it. The case might then have rested, but for a city investigation; nosing moralists are trying to prove a few things which every other person in town knows and which a thousand persons could in one way or another easily prove. However, the city is not New York; we are at pains to speak several times of that city as involving a journey on the train. Our local honor is therefore untouched.

In the pressure of the investigation it is clear that somebody has to be found as the murderer, and the little bell-hop is chosen, much against the kind hearts of the officials that agree to it, for we are a kind people. And yet the election for mayor is near, we can't be soft. The boy is about to move to New York, fortified by a letter from the mayor guaranteeing virtues which His Honor has long since been obliged to forgo for himself—one cannot have everything in a practical world. Martin and his young wife are happily packing up their little goods when the police call and take him off to headquarters. The third degree is applied until he is almost dead and is willing to sign anything. He is too near dead for there to be any hope of his appearing at the trial, the doctor says, unless they send him to the hospital. There, quite shortly, the meddling Berger, intent on improving city affairs, gets an entrance through the connivance of the hospital doctor, and acquires all the needed evidence of the third-degree affair. Now everything is in a mess, what with the election at hand and the mayor's parties. The only thing to be done is finally imagined: Ed Martin will be found hanged in his cell, a suicide that will prove to anyone a self-confessed guilt. In the next and last scene of the play the mayor and his city seraphim are receiving the election returns, a congratulatory delegation waits in the next room. He has won, by a majority of 100,000, *vox populi* et cetera. Berger sends a box of flowers, which almost makes His Honor pause, as he goes out to speak to the delegation. One of the leading workers for the party speaks of having seen Ed Martin's wife walking along the street; he speaks of her with relish, not less, perhaps, because both he and the rest of us have seen with what love she and her little fellow led their lives together.

As a play "Merry-Go-Round" goes directly and very well, good straight episodic structure, and for the most part sharp, straight, emotional dialogue. In a few places the method is a bit obvious, when, for example, while the third degree goes on in the next room and the boy's cries are heard, you find somebody asking if you'll have a cigarette, or after another streak of horror someone say- ing the coffee's cold. Such moments be-

the nature of the theatrical and get their effects more or less; they would do so more easily if the acting were a little more considered. The main spot where the play could be bettered, I think, is at the very last. After a piece that has been so sharp and definite in all its instructions to us, so underlined and well aimed, that mere mention of the boy's being scheduled to be found hanged in his cell and the absence of any further visual conveyance of the rest of his story, with only the election scene to end the play, leaves us a little unconvinced, or perhaps it would be better to say leaves the story somewhat unembodied: words have not been the chief medium of expression in a play like this. I should even go so far as to suggest, in this particular play, a second in which, in shadow, you saw the dim shape of the boy hanging. At any rate a dash of stronger visual flavor would better finish the play in its own kind, just before we passed into the cynical prose authenticity of the last scene.

The settings that Mr. Isaac Benesch has contrived for the many and quickly changing scenes required by an episodic play like "Merry-Go-Round" are skillful enough. The directing of Mr. Walter Hart goes straight along and gets the story carried through as it should be. As theatre art the acting of the large company, except for the young married couple, does the theatre, strictly speaking, only harm, since, except for cues and going right ahead, it is not acting at all. The story, fortunately, can do without it, but the texture and the remaining satisfaction and memory of the occasion would be far greater and more significant if there were more calculation, more solution in the problems of the acting moments of the scenes, if, in sum, anybody were interesting as an actor as well as a figure in the mere story. We see still that old quality at the Provincetown, a certain casual attack, walking in and out, real as the people themselves on the stage before us are real and empty as they are empty, as the case may be. The young ladies, too, as of old at the Provincetown, have that air of being willing to give themselves to the scene without being able to give the scene to us. The whole business comes down to one essential point: not being able to recognize a problem in art when you see it. I heard a conversation once on the night boat to Boston in which, speaking of the summer hotels, a lady inquired how you got in with people, and the other said that well, you just sit around on the porch and before you know it you are in the bunch.

Mr. Elisha Cook, Jr., except in the scenes with his wife in the little flat, where he forced somewhat, trying for the light and simple, was excellent, genuinely pathetic and convincing. In our American theatre of late it appears to be a fact that we are being convinced by *jeunes fils* rather than *jeunes filles,* as in the older days. The pathos, adolescence, thwarting and hunger seems more in evidence in some of our young actors than in their female opposites. People who wish to think about this point, with regard to American life and so on, are welcome to do so.

The advantage to the theatre of such a play as "Merry-Go-Round" lies obviously in its pertinent theme and the indignant pressure of its intention; it means to shame and exhort, to preach. And why should the theatre, the closest of our American arts to American life and fre-

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and doubly so since now the tired business man is too tired to care, too unmoneyed for butter and eggs and too unbusinesslike to count on for a backing? We all know that in the theatre art proper the audience is an element that goes to compose the whole. In such a play as this by Mr. Maltz and Mr. Sklar, with such material set forth, one is obliged to attend the audience along with the scenes. I could not say that the audience on the particular night I went showed any swelling passion. The attention was largely good, some bored or nervous talking here and there. Everyone present, I suppose, knew all the matter in the play already, though they had not known that it happened also to this little bell-hop, Ed Martin. There was, I think, a pretty general understanding of one of our national truths expressed perfectly by a gentleman with a lady behind me a little to the left—by the compass, I mean. The chief of police, having been informed by the mayor that he hadder find somebody to serve as the murderer in the Stransky case, and so satisfy the investigating bastards, is at first loath to accept one of the men's suggestion that it will have to be Ed Martin, the hotel bell-hop. But there is no other way out, since Zelli has those papers, and the chief hardens his soft heart. Well, you couldn't blame him, said the man behind me, somebody would do it, and if he wouldn't, it just meant he'd lose his job. I know, said the lady, that's it.

I myself was thinking of a young man I know who, asked not long ago whom he was going to vote for for mayor, said, as if noting down the flatulence of his questioner, "I don't know where the polls are," when I heard from a lady somewhat to the right behind me asking two ladies deep in chatter if they could not hush. Can you not hush up, can't you, she said, so that others can hear the play whether you want to or not? At that point the curtain was falling, and I could hear this lady saying to her escort that nobody cared, look at the scandal about the girls and women railroaded into courts and prisons and fines and disgrace not two years ago and was the nation turned upside down by such revelations? Not at all. The Lindbergh baby, she said, was a lot of it mere front-page sensation; what will they do now about the conditions that lead to such things, as soon as the subject is not on the front page? I had got a glimpse of her: a speech very cultivated and charming, hair very chic, and, as Chaucer would say, "eyen grey as glass." Her escort was taking it all very calmly, as if he had long been convinced that nothing would be done about anything, or as if it were some familiar subject like aigrettes, killing herons for aigrettes, in the mating season, is it? "I wish," the lady was saying, "they'd try kidnaping somebody like President Hoover or Bishop Manning. Why don't they, now?"

At this I turned round toward her. I could answer, I said: the kidnapers were too smart for that, they knew nobody would pay any ransom to get back those two.

Nevertheless, it was something of a relief to see Mr. Elisha Cook, Jr., at the end of the play take his curtain call. It helped you not to think what might—art or no art—have been so easy to think, that the little bell-hop after all was hanging dead in his cell.

Such a reaction may be the praise of life and the play, if

"Gurrelieder" and "Khovanschina"

DID SCHOENBERG'S integrity still seriously require a proof, his "Guerrelieder," lately given a careful and honorable first American performance under Stokowski's leadership, would be competent to supply an irrefragable one.

It is now thirty-two years since the arch-heretic of atonality attacked his setting of Jens Peter Jacobsen's poetic cycle on the legend of King Waldemar and the lovely Tove. Form and style of this ambitious cantata for giant choruses and orchestra, and soloists and speaker, in general are traditional; for artists' individual systems and syntheses are rarely hatched forth by the time of their twenty-sixth years; and Schoenberg was born in 1874. A form and style personal to himself began emerging only during the period of the composition of the D-minor quartet, a piece the "Gurrelieder's" junior by four or by five years. Previous to that self-realization, the future heresiarch paralleled Wagner in the "Rienzi" period, Strauss during his "absolute" period, and Stravinsky at the time of "L'Oiseau de Feu," by naïvely accepting certain works, which by reason of circumstances and spiritual consanguinity had helped reveal his own creative impulse to him, as points of departure.

For Schoenberg, these were the vasty choral symphonies of Mahler, and the music-dramas of Wagner; and to a lesser degree, the tone-poems of Strauss and Brahms's songs. For Schoenberg was a born "romantic." Thus his first experiment with the larger means, if not the larger forms, very naturally reveals the influence exercised on him by the tremendously sonorous instrumental and vocal aggregations of Mahler and Strauss, by Mahler's architectural conceptions, and by Wagner's chromaticism, subtly constructed chords, daring harmonic sequences, cyclic themes and grandiose means of dramatic emphasis. And still, for all their Wagnerian and Mahleresque, and Straussian and Brahmsian, reflections, the "Gurrelieder" constantly prefigure the spirit of the completely individualized Schoenberg of "Pierrot Lunaire," the "Five Pieces for Orchestra" and his other representative later works.

The cantata's very implicit philosophy of life, the dominant idea of a vital progress by the stages of personal love and personal loss to a selfless victorious absorption in the divine breath, the "life" of nature, is to all purposes that of the later monodrama "Erwartung," and of the cantata "Die Jacobsleiter," still in process of composition. That Schoenberg had not the art to find the expression for this idea at the time he undertook the "Gurrelieder," is not to be doubted. The really significant form of it is the last section; and that was instrumentated ten years after the rest; and is indicative of an altogether clearer consciousness than are the bulk of the songs. Still, the "landscape" moods expressed in them, and the feeling of mysterious release attending the music of the grave-bound grisly huntsmen, show that the Schoenberg of 1900 merely lacked the expressive means necessary to the pantheistic idea; and that it was probably in anticipation of them that

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Again, the moods expressed by the "Gurrelieder" are typical of the man's maturer interests. The erotic experiences represented with truly glowing lyricism are more refined than the paralleling Wagnerian ones. More delicacy and spirituality, perhaps even more tenderness, appear involved in them: and they point forward to the songs on the verses of Stefan George. The nightmarelike oppression of parts of "Pierrot" is strongly anticipated by the song of the bedeviled peasant; the dislocated and grotesque agonies of that masterpiece, by the song of Klaus the Fool; the puckish humors both of "Pierrot" and the "Serenade," by "The Summerwind's Wild Chase."

The music itself is pregnant with the idiom of the later works. The extended intervals of the Chamber symphony and "Herzgewächse" greet one in Tove's third song. The nervous rhythms of the "Five Pieces" are prefigured in the cobwebby, high-pitched moonshine music of "The Summerwind's Wild Chase." The famous contrapuntalism is already strikingly evident, even on the simplest and most Wagnerian pages of the score. While the melodic role of the celesta in the last section may not be considered auspicious of its activity in the second of the "Five Orchestral Pieces," in view of the fact that the instrumentation of this scintillant section, ten years younger than that of the rest of the "Gurrelieder," is entirely contemporaneous with the orchestration of the first works of Schoenberg's atonal period; and while for the same reason the coloristic exploitation of the speaking voice in that part may not be considered strictly prophetic of "Pierrot Lunaire," the orchestration of the preceding sections is none the less amazingly precursive. An instance of the thematic use of instrumental sonorities, the association of a motive with the timbres of particular instruments, so characteristic of the later Schoenberg, occurs in Tove's second song; and typical soloistic instrumental passages, and examples of the oppositions of the sonorities of various instrumental families, abound through the adolescent score. Even in the older sections, the instrumental colors are characteristically rich and fiery, and still subdued, transparent and in fine Viennese taste, nor are they incongruous with the extremer, more uncompromisingly shrill, high, piercing sonorities of the last section. And Schoenberg's extraordinary care of form is already evident, and miraculous. For all their jewelry and opulence, each of the nineteen songs is perfectly structural and built up from its own melodic germ, and none the less organically related to the rest by a cyclic use of themes, by contrasts of tonality and character and by connective orchestral interludes of various lengths.

Besides these indications of the wholeness of the man Schoenberg and his work, the "Gurrelieder" bear witness to his integrity in the form of a demonstration of an impressive musical inspiration. They are filled with beauties, with fluent and subtle music. They have line; they are melodious, and rich in original harmonies paralleling the magnificent and daring ones of the younger Scriabine. Page upon surging, rapturous and dreamy page of them recapitulates Wagner and all romanticism with its dramatic gestures, sensuousness and glamour. And still the ineluctable speciality of the idiom, the evident logic and subtlety, proclaim and body forth the new experience. The ture on which they base themselves. They, too, are a poetry of half-consciousness, the "life of nature" in ourselves.

Possibly the mood of "Gurrelieder" is a little too dreamy and sweet. The score doubtless lacks masculine dynamism and particularly in the first part, the vigor found in vivid contrasts. It inclines to preciousness; shining chiefly in the tenderer, more exquisite and ecstatic expressions. The thunderous passages, the orchestral interludes preceding the wood-dove's lament, and Waldemar's blasphemy, and the macabre hunting chorus, and the final full salutation of the sunrise, lack Wagner's power and the persuasiveness of the love songs, the lament and the capricious melodrama with its fantastic and Chinese delicacy. Also the whole work is all too romantically, too youthfully, defiant. But even the sentimental pages have a kind of nobility of breath, and the extravagant ones, redeeming fire.

The creative day of the "Gurrelieder" has passed, of course: the cantata's performance can have little musical effect. It was contemporary with "Pelléas" and it is older than "Salomé"; its lessons have long since been learned by Schoenberg himself and by his pupils; and a war and a revolution have made us temporarily a trifle unsympathetic to its romantic mood and opulence. Nor is it a pure masterwork. But it has a certain place; it is a musical experience; and the performances in Philadelphia and New York revealed the stupidity of the neglect which has been its part. It probably has a future: the enthusiasm of its reception suggests that the frequent revivals warranted by its beauties would gain it an enduring popularity. It would certainly gain its author the confidence of the larger musical public, long since his due; settling for all time whatever remains of the question of his integrity. For it is pleasurable; and we trust that and those who procure us delight.

This New York season's most gratifying introduction was none the less the production of "Khovanschina" at the hands of the Russian Opera Foundation, at the Mecca Auditorium. Moussorgsky's posthumous music-drama abounds in music of a water never equaled in the "Gurrelieder," despite all their gemminess; and the profound quality of this Russian score was beautifully demonstrated, at the Egyptian-cigarette house, by its impressiveness in the face of quite unfavorable circumstances. Of course even the most favorable conditions cannot succeed in making a wholly satisfactory affair of the opera: for the reason that the score is all too representative of the composer's miserable last years, and his constructive powers in their decadence. Even as music, it is very largely sustained by the merits of its invention. The ideas are roughly worked out and poorly put together. None of the scenes is so round and cumulative in effect as, say, the Kremlin scenes and the scenes in the inn, in Marina's garden and in the Forest of Kromy, in "Boris."

Nor has "Khovanschina" the unified, somberly magnificent tone of its grand predecessor. The various styles of music it includes, original and folkloristic, liturgical, operatic and popular, are not completely fused; the el-pt-a-t

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The fulgent instrumentation, Rimsky-Korsakov's entirely, is far more characteristic of his proper ideas than of Moussorgsky's. Just, indeed, how much of the whole score is the editor's, we do not know; the probability that the final page at least is his is overwhelming. True, Rimsky, with characteristic modesty, pretended that he had discovered the ideas from which he constructed it, among Moussorgsky's sketches. But Stravinsky and several of his pupils have insisted with a great show of reason that the entire finale, including Martha's infinitely noble cry "Remember our ancient love!" was entirely their master's own. The Wagnerian touches evident here and there in the score suggest further editorial emendation. Rimsky may even have pulled the work together for theatrical production; at that, he didn't succeed in making good theatre of it. The handicap of Stassov's libretto, with its amateurish and melodramatic representation of the destruction of the feudal nobility during Peter the Great's minority, the self-immolation of the religious sect of "Old Believers," and the general end of the old Muscovy which Moussorgsky wished to express, were evidently too great for him.

And the late production was almost as rough as that of "Gurrelieder" was polished. The tempi and movement were correct, that is all. On the stage the artistic interpretation of Max Panteleiev's, the Dositheus, was unsupported by any other member of the scratch company, with the possible exception of Michail Schvetz, the Prince Ivan Khovansky; and none of the voices was equal to the magnificent ariosos Moussorgsky scattered through the score; and the orchestra was thin. Hence, the impressiveness of the music's triumph over all the odds. But where, indeed, does Moussorgsky's melodic invention show itself lovelier than in "Khovanschina"? The score has not the starkness and majesty of "Boris," certainly. With the possible exception of the rude, martial music of the Khovanskys and the music of Galitzin's banishment, pages of a revolutionary tone and color comparable to that of the Kremlin bells and the juxtaposed trumpets in clashing keys, in "Boris," or the hallucinatory scene, or the folk-scenes with their dance-and-songs in irregular time-signatures, do not occur in "Khovanschina." Still, it has a quality its own, and different from its predecessor's. An autumnal ripeness suffuses the melodies, deeply sweet, soft, graceful and pure as they are. Tunes as fresh and light as that which opens Galitzin's letter scene, or that of Martha's tender song in Act III, or those of the peasant girls in the assassination scene, are without their counterpart in Russian music. They are more masculine, definite and related to the common experience than Rimsky's soft Russian music; and more piercing, too.

The feeling of life the score conveys is equally distinct and affecting. The feeling of "Boris" is after all the feeling of Man—his complexity and equivocality, his evil, suffering, ambition, helplessness and cruelty. The reality of "Khovanschina" is that of world-surrender and departure. The spirit of farewells haunts every bar, the sweet no less than the bitter ones: farewells to the passionately loved old Russia, to love and life themselves. Sometimes the music weeps for birth into pain and nothingness; for [illegible] ever been as well as what has been and gone. It is obvious that René Clair has not forgotten the often, it voices the almost unutterable emotion of one who turns before going; and in a moment sees the ghastliness and beauty of existence; and strangulates with inexpressible wonder at the unfathomable thing. Other musicians than Moussorgsky may have attained a similar expression *"tout chargé d'adieux."* But which of them, more simply and consummately than the poor drunken guardsman?

PAUL ROSENFELD.

A Nous la Liberté

IN ORDER to judge fairly the latest film by René Clair, "A Nous la Liberté," now showing at the Europa Theatre, New York City, we must consider it from two different points of view. We must look at both its technique and its ideas. Technically this film is distinguished for its great freshness, novelty and interesting cinematic suggestions. On the other hand, the director might perhaps be reproached for having tied a string of gags together, which weakened the general effect and unity of his picture. However, the details have been carefully chosen, and the gags are rather ingenious. The most remarkable thing about the film is the way in which René Clair has employed the sound effects of the movietone. In the matter of sound there are possibilities shown here which forecast a completely new technique. Sound does not merely record the voices of human beings or the song of birds; it also serves to create an atmosphere.

From this point of view we can only praise René Clair for his "A Nous la Liberté." From the technical point of view this production will undoubtedly have a great influence on the future of the movietone. But if it is considered from another angle, we are forced to make a great many reservations. The scenario which René Clair has devised is highly ingenuous, *simpliste* and, we might even say, a little silly. The film opens in a prison, where we see convicts making toys. Two friends plot their escape, but only one succeeds. A short time afterwards the escaped convict becomes the owner of a large phonograph factory. He has become rich, and very busy. He has forgotten the prison, but he is still chained to his work, which absorbs him more and more every day.

A few months later the other prisoner completes his term. He looks for work and succeeds in getting a job in the great phonograph factory. The shots in the factory show the mass production of phonographs, and René Clair makes us understand—he takes almost too many pains to do so—that the modern factory is very much like a jail. The young workman dreams of liberty, but he falls in love with a young girl, who now occupies his mind to the exclusion of all else. He is the prisoner of love, while his friend is the prisoner of work. At this point the two friends meet by chance. They recall their memories of prison, and remind each other of their common thirst for liberty. Recognizing that they are both prisoners again, they decide to abandon their chains—the one his work, and the other his love—and go away, anywhere, straight ahead on the highroad like two vagabonds, but free, free at the end.

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scenario seems at times to have been created for twelve-year-old children. In the end we are a little irritated by the constant reminders of prison life, by these elementary comparisons and phraseology. To tell the truth, René Clair believes the public to be more stupid than it really is. Besides, since the subject he attacked was the great one of human liberty and mechanization, he owed it to himself to treat it with the seriousness which such tormenting issues demand, and not by repeating the same old saws, not by tying together the same old commonplaces about love, work and liberty.

These mistakes of René Clair are the more to be regretted in view of his great gifts as a director. In the choice of settings he has shown a sure taste, and besides, more than most European directors, he knows how to direct the actors and exploit their particular talents. He has tried to get along without using well known actors, without so-called stars, and has preferred to employ an even-spirited group no member of which tries to push himself forward at the expense of the others.

While indicating to us the limitations of this new type of cinema, this film points the direction which the French producers are taking; and, considering the great influence which René Clair exercises in Germany, the direction of European producers in general. They are departing further and further from the American films whose domination they suffered so long. On the other side of the Atlantic a new cinematographic formula is being evolved, whose most characteristic example is "A Nous la Liberté."

PHILIPPE SOUPAULT.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Edward Walters Case

SIR: I made a personal investigation of the conviction and sentence of Edward Walters, whose case was mentioned in The New Republic of April 27, and I am convinced and satisfied he is innocent, and that his twenty-year sentence to Sing Sing is a perversion of justice.

If we had a Governor at Albany like former Governor William Sulzer, who pardoned Brandt, this man Walters would be promptly pardoned. There are many similarities in connection with this case and the Brandt case, and a little investigation would show up the facts, and compel the Governor to pardon this innocent man.

New York City. NATHAN REICH.

Short Selling and Stock Prices

SIR: Mr. Flynn's article on short selling [The New Republic, April 27] is typical of all the usual attacks on the practice. It is full of bad logic and is singularly ill informed.

Even a freshman student of Jevons, without any statistical training, would see at once that his charts prove an exactly zero correlation between short selling and market price. As a matter of fact, the "Case" chart seems to indicate that the price rises with an increase in short position, and falls with a decrease.

The gist of his argument against short selling is that when the shorts covered, prices failed to go up. Therefore short selling has no economic justification.

The proponents of short selling made no claim that a covering action will boost a stock. Their contention is merely that such covering provides a cushion for a declining stock. Mr. Flynn could hardly have selected two better companies than Case and American Foreign Power to illustrate this fact.

Anyone with the slightest knowledge of the affairs of these companies must know that the wonder is not that the decline in the prices of these stocks has been precipitate, but that it has not been more precipitate. . . .

The trouble with short selling has always been that too few practise it—a ridiculously small number compared with the legions that buy on a rising market. It takes a strong heart and sublime confidence to sell a stock short after a twenty-point advance: if General Electric, paying five dollars and earning less than twice that, can go from 380 to 400 in one session, cannot it go to 450 as well?

If enough people had sold short before Anaconda reached 175, Radio 114, American Foreign Power 185, etc., these stocks might not be selling today around 5, and a prolonged period of economic readjustment through deflation would not now be necessary.

Here's for more and bigger bears!

New York City. ISKANDER HOURWICH.

SIR: Mr. Hourwich's letter singularly carries in itself its own answer. "The trouble with short selling has always been that too few practise it," says the writer; then adds, "If enough people had sold short before Anaconda reached 175, Radio 114, etc., those stocks today might not be selling around 5." And that is just the point. When the bull energy is in full swing as in 1928 and 1929, at the very time when short selling might perform an economic service, it is missing. It can be counted on always to be missing. It makes its appearance when it is least needed.

I had no intention in my article of defending margin trading. As long as that is in existence I am willing to have short selling. I believe both operations are indefensible. In my article, however, I limited myself to short selling, not to a full discussion of it, not even to proving that it had "no economic justification," but merely to debunking the claim that short selling cushions the fall of prices. The simple fact that the shorts always get busy and increase their pressure when prices fall seems to me to settle that point. Selling certainly tends to depress the price of a stock. Persistent selling seldom fails to do this. Now imagine a stock like a man bending under the burden he carries. At the moment when he falls under the weight of the burden or trips from some other obstacle—at that moment those interested in his falling rush in and pile more weight upon his back. When he sprawls on the sidewalk, they calmly lift the burden and then ask if we observed how this act "cushioned his fall."

JOHN T. FLYNN.

New York City.

Whom Can We Trust?

SIR: In The New Republic of March 9, a writer laments the inefficiency of scientists outside of their own narrow specialties, giving as illustrations the "vagaries" of Eddington, Jeans, Whitehead and others. The reference is, I suppose, to the fact that these find in their investigation of the material world and universe evidence of purpose or design and incline to theism. Alas! physicists from Compton of Chicago to Heisenberg and Driesch of Germany find evidence of this nature. The investigations of the American Society of Psychical Research are also largely under the supervision of eminent scientists. Equally is the work of the English Society under such control. Whom, indeed, can we trust in such matters? Certainly not clergymen; they are likely to be prejudiced in favor of the ethical in creation and the reality of the psychical. Philosophers and statesmen? Professors Sedgwick and Schiller of England, Henri Bergson of France, considered by many the greatest living philosopher, Arthur J. Balfour and others perhaps equally prominent have been presidents of the English S. P. R. and strongly endorsed its work. Legal and many medical men are among the directors of these associations. Macmillan has recently published a book on "Evidence of Immortality" by a judge of the Circuit Court in Viriginia, a book which holds the positive view and is highly praised. All these are evidently hopeless. There is only one recourse left. We must look for unbiased judgment to Victorian materialists, followers of Bain and Clifford, to Victorian materialism which an eminent scientist has recently declared modern scientific thought discards. Who then can be trusted to be "sane and rational"? Is it not a desperate case? Happily not. The intellectual world is coming more and

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realize that ecclesiastic bigotry is equaled by the bigotry of so-called orthodox mechanical science, that the mechanical conception of the universe is now refuted by science itself, that there are marvels in the yet unexplored domain of mind, that "impossible" is a word hardly found in the vocabulary of today and that as the heresy of yesterday is the doctrine of today, so the "vagaries" of today may be the recognized truth of tomorrow.

GEO. CROSWELL CRESSEY.

Geneseo, Ill.

Socialist Prisoners in Soviet Russia

SIR: *May I inquire of your correspondent in the issue of May 4,* Manya Gordon-Strunsky, the source of the recent information regarding the plight of thousands of political prisoners [in Russia] *who are mostly Socialists?* Also [as to the statement] that relatives and friends of these prisoners are imprisoned with them?

Perhaps the Relief Society for the Socialist Prisoners and Exiles in Soviet Russia is not aware that such obvious propaganda is no longer taken seriously in this country. The numerous tourists and authentic press dispatches disprove such myths.

I would like to know just how the funds are to be used in helping to alleviate the sufferings of these prisoners and just what a Socialist is, in the Russian Soviet Union's meaning of the term.

I would then be in a better position to decide whether my contribution to the Society is really directed to a humane cause.

Bronx, N. Y. S. CONSTANTINOFSKY.

Fascism in the Kentucky Coal Regions

SIR: As a member of the committee of the American Civil Liberties Union which was recently debarred from Bell County, Kentucky, I should like to call your attention to one angle of the situation likely to be overlooked, which, nevertheless, seems to me the most important consideration of all. Any discussion of Bell County conditions based on the assumption that the fascist group of local officials and citizens in control are personally corrupt or that the situation there is peculiar to Kentucky is wholly wide of the mark. For the better part of two days we sat in the courtroom, listened to and questioned our opponents and were in turn listened to and questioned by them. Under the wide latitude of discussion permitted by Judge Cochran, with a pleasing avoidance of technical legal quibbles on either side, the human interest involved came to the surface. The members of our group, with one exception, were convinced of the sincerity of the local officials and the citizens' committee in their contention that their acts, vicious and lawless as we considered them, were nevertheless carried out under the belief that they were necessary to preserve the peace of the community. These men genuinely, though absurdly, believe that there is danger of a communist attempt to overthrow the government in their locality and that they are justified in using illegal force and violence to prevent anything that may, or might, lead to that result. Incredible as it may seem, they have gotten themselves into a state of mind where they regard any attempt to unionize the miners, any criticism of the dominant coal operators, or even any unprejudiced investigation of conditions, as part of some vast conspiracy. And yet they seemed to us to be personally as well equipped mentally and as humane a lot of men as one would be likely to find in any American industrial section, although acting as a group under group hysteria they have been guilty of most unintelligent and inhumane deeds. Given the same situation of sufficient economic unrest, the same results may be expected elsewhere. Even the resentment of these men at what they term "invasions" is not peculiar to Bell County, Kentucky. Similar resentment at outside interference was shown in Massachusetts during the Sacco-Vanzetti case and is felt today in California in the Mooney case. The situation in Kentucky has been aggravated by local conditions, but the fundamental psychology is the same. As Arthur Garfield Hays said in his closing speech, the question is really one of opposed philosophies: we stood for the democratic principle of free [illegible] government by consent; the county officials, of course, stood for the fascist principle of government by force through a small group acting in the alleged interests of the whole. That fundamental issue—between democracy and fascism—is the issue at stake in Bell County, Kentucky, today and may well be the issue everywhere in America tomorrow. For this reason an impartial Senate investigation is the more imperative.

New York City. ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

The Hatfield Bill and Criminal Obscenity

SIR: Mrs. Sanger was right when she said at the hearing on the Hatfield (birth-control) Bill, "These laws that we are trying to amend are as archaic as they are ridiculous. They are relics of an outworn concept of morality which tries to make people moral by legislating against knowledge."

Unfortunately, the proposed amendments, though well intentioned, blunder in the very same way. New laws on birth control should be decent, just and enforceable. This bill is just the reverse. But it can easily be amended so that it will achieve all that Mrs. Sanger pleads for, and also be good, *as law.*

At present the bill leaves birth control a criminal indecency, à la Comstock. It merely exempts doctors and dealers who sell medical birth-control publications and fill prescriptions for contraceptives, thus creating a legalized monopoly of knowledge and the monetary gain from its utilization. All other citizens who circulated the very same medical information would be obscene criminals.

Neither the present laws nor these proposed exemptions can be enforced against violators. The violators number millions. The government does not even try to jail them. Unenforceable laws are bedeviling the country enough already. This is no time for the thoughtless passage of new ones.

The Hatfield Bill can be amended to *delete all the contraceptive clauses* in the federal laws. That will settle the whole question, decently, fairly and effectively. Birth control has long been bootlegged out of the law. It can never be put back.

Catholics can logically stand for taking birth control out of law, but not for the legal permit to "sin," such as this bill gives.

Write to Senator George W. Norris, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, urging the deletion of all contraceptive clauses.

MARY WARE DENNETT,
Chairman of the National Council,
New York City. Voluntary Parenthood League.

The Scottsboro Appeal to the Supreme Court

SIR: The execution of seven of the nine Negroes involved in the Scottsboro case has been set for June 24. The issues in this case are no doubt familiar to the readers of this paper.

Having exhausted all remedies in the Alabama courts, the only course open is for them to seek relief from the United States Supreme Court. They are fortunate in having obtained Walter J. Pollak, an attorney peculiarly fitted by his training in constitutional law to act as chief counsel in presenting the case to the Supreme Court.

The defendants are necessarily dependent on the generosity of those who believe in their cause. They have no funds of their own, and the legal proceedings must necessarily be expensive. Lengthy records will now have to be printed for the first time. There will be other necessary legal disbursements and fees to be met, all of which cannot come to less than five thousand ($5,000) dollars. A fund is being started to take care of these legal expenses exclusively.

I have been selected by the International Labor Defense as treasurer of this fund for the legal expenses and urge that you give all you can possibly afford so that these defendants can at least present their case to the United States Supreme Court.

Please make checks payable to Joseph R. Brodsky, treasurer, and address them to me at 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

JOSEPH R. BRODSKY.

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Not Fear of God

Conquistador, by Archibald MacLeish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 114 pages. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH some of MacLeish's early poems, notably the first part of "Signature for Tempo," foreshadow the style of "Conquistador," there is no background in his six previous volumes for the finely sustained tone of the new poem. It is a miniature epic of about two thousand lines: in versification, in diction, in the quality of the narrator's point of view, it stands alone. There is no other poem in English with which as a whole it may be compared. In some specific features of technique which may be isolated but which are, of course, fused with the total quality of the work, "Conquistador" is a production of the school of Ezra Pound. This is no disparagement of MacLeish. For Pound's "Cantos" are full of technical instruction for the poet who knows precisely what he needs to learn. And one either learns something valuable from Pound or misses him altogether. Unlike Eliot, he does not confound the craftsman with his own special moral problems; it is possible to separate the personality from the technical value of the poetry. The school of Eliot gives us something of "lower intensity" than the original; the school of Pound thins out in the aimless exercises of Mr. Dudley Fitts or produces the flawless craft of "Conquistador."

For a complete history of the conquest of Mexico the reader must go to the historians. The poem is a reconstruction of the part played by one of the lesser heroes, Bernal Diaz del Castillo, who as an old man wrote his reminiscences out of resentment against the official histories by Gomara and the others—

> The quilled professors: the taught tongues of fame:
> What have they written of us: the poor soldiers. . . .
>
> They call the towns for the kings that bear no scars:
> They keep the names of the great for time to stare at—
> The bishops rich men generals cocks-at-arms. . . .

The story is told by Bernal, in flashes of recollection that have enough narrative progression to give the reader variety of scene, but not enough to take his attention from the personality of Bernal and the quality of his character —which is the real subject of the poem. This method disposes of the great modern difficulty of presenting the objective detail of the conventional epic form; the necessity for an external "idea," such as holds the "Aeneid" together, or any sort of cosmic machinery, is likewise dispensed with. We get that peculiarly modern situation: the dramatization of the individual against the background of history. "What have they written of us: the poor soldiers": what can the individual get out of history to sustain him? Nothing appears in the story that Bernal did not see. Everything is enriched by memory. Although Bernal announces his theme as "That which I have myself seen and the fighting," there is little action, for the real subject of the poem is fear at the gradual disappearance of sensation; or in positive terms, the dramatic quality of the poem consists in the hero's anxiety lest he fail to recover his early life of sensation, upon which his personal identity depends. The meaning of the poem —if we may derive and formulate a quality in a general proposition—is the futility of individual action. No man can fully identify the moment of action with the common purpose for which the whole series of events takes place.

For two reasons this "meaning" of "Conquistador" must be emphatically brought out. It will explain its form and it will help to isolate that feature of the style which MacLeish took over from Pound and transformed. And it may lead some of the younger critics to reconsider, not their enthusiasm for the poem, which it richly deserves, but their hasty acceptance of its "philosophy": it is certainly a mistake to suppose that MacLeish has offered a "way out" of the introspective indecision of the school of Eliot, reaffirming a faith in action and heroism against the moral paralysis that the best minds of the older generation seem to have suffered. Not only is there a lack of faith in any kind of action that we might imitate; the poet does not even have much interest in the action implied by the quality of memory that sustains his narrative.

There is not one moment of action objectively rendered in the whole poem. There is constantly and solely the pattern of sensation that surrounds the moment of action. The technique for rendering this special quality is MacLeish's contribution to poetic style, and he has so perfected it that later poets will touch it at the peril of the most slavish imitation:

> Gold there on that shore on the evening sand—
> "Colua" they said: pointing on toward the sunset:
> They made a sign on the air with their solemn hands. . . .
>
> And that voyage it was we came to the Island:
> Well I remember the shore and the sound of that place
> And the smoke smell on the dunes and the wind dying:
>
> Well I remember the walls and the rusty taste of the
> New-spilled blood in the air: many among us
> Seeing the priests with their small and arrogant faces. . . .
>
> Ah how the throat of a girl and a girl's arms are
> Bright in the riding sun and the young sky
> And the green year of our lives where the willows are!

This is a new quality in American verse: the clarity of sensuous reminiscence that suffuses the entire poem has appeared in this age only in the prose of Ernest Hemingway, chiefly in the opening pages of "A Farewell to Arms." Yet the character of the image is derived from Pound:

> Eyes brown topaz,
> Brookwater over brown sand,
> The white hounds on the slope,
> Glide of water, lights on the prore,
> Silver beaks out of night,
> Stone, bough over bough,
> lamps fluid in water,
> Pine by the black trunk of its shadow
> And on the black trunks of the shadow
> The trees melted in air.

Pound's image here, as everywhere, is impersonal and objective and timeless, detached from the dramatic context of his own moral position. MacLeish's focus of the image is invariably personal; the image exists only in terms of the character's conception of himself. Its precision has been disciplined in the workshop of Ezra Pound, whose quality of floating clarity is localized in a kind of Browningesque monologue, in which the moral casuistry is replaced by a highly sophisticated variety of the ancient *chanson de geste*.

The inseparability of image and character brings me to

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to his subject. It may be stated in moral terms. We cannot linger upon the quality of even the finest passages of the poem without becoming conscious that we are succumbing to a sentimental view of experience. The melancholy of the hero's resentment against the "taught tongues of fame" is obscure and meaningless. It does not at any point emerge as criticism of the avowed purposes of the "conquest"; and so, instead of a classical irony, we get something like sentimental regret on the part of Bernal, whose anger rises at the failure of the official histories to recreate the sensuous correspondence to his own part in the action. He in effect says not *quorum pars magna fui* but rather *solus quorum omnis fui*—alone in his perceptions. The poem recovers Bernal's perceptions but it does not place them against the objective stream of events. His personal significance is impenetrable; the meaning of the course of outside events is obscure. Bernal's concern is about his personal survival, and he is modern and sentimental; not classical and ironic. The motivation of his story is the fear of death.

It is a little ungrateful to the technical merit of the poem to dwell upon its philosophical limitation, which is deeply rooted in the sensibility of the age. "Conquistador" is one of the perfect examples of that sensibility: for by technical merit I mean the power to sustain the form without a single false note. The verse is *terza rima,* a stanza enormously difficult in English; the paucity of English rhymes ordinarily makes it clumsy and monotonous. But by using in masterly fashion rhyme varied by terminal assonance, which is usually hidden and always cunningly placed, MacLeish rivals the fluent rapidity and ease of the best Italian *terza rima.* It is the first successful example of this stanza in a long English poem. Aside from some of the late Hart Crane's blank verse, it is the only considerable metrical innovation by a poet of this generation. Yet the very perfection of MacLeish's experiment will make future use of *terza rima* dangerous. The technical aspect of the verse is so deeply involved with the quality of MacLeish's sensibility as to be inimitable. "Waller refined our numbers"—but in this case Waller is a hard-pressed modern whose brilliance, once flashed, burns out before it can be passed to other hands. It is the present fate of poetry to be always beginning over again. The kind of "culture" in "Conquistador" is almost purely literary, for the kind of experience in the poem is a sentimentality of spiritual isolation. The almost terrible refinement of the craftsmanship hovers over a void.

ALLEN TATE.

How Capitalism Can Survive

Is Capitalism Doomed? A Challenge to Economic Leadership, by Lawrence Dennis. New York: Harper and Brothers. 328 pages. $3.

AT ANY RATE, Mr. Dennis promises us a chance of survival if we put behind us our most ruinous economic habits. Chief among these is the abuse of credit —*in industry, agriculture and foreign trade.* Capitalists now endanger their system, also, by refusing to spend in gorgeous consumption the incomes which accrue to them; this can be remedied by heavy taxation, expended for want-satisfying public works. If we can reëstablish a petty capitalism at home, return many farmers to a peasant self-sustenance on the land, protect with the tariff every possible job and, lastly, learn to restrain our itch for involvements abroad, we shall be on our way to a capitalism like that of "France and Iceland," in which we can enjoy a [illegible] then we shall need to be ready

Of much keen insight, perhaps the keenest is displayed by the author in his analysis of credit. Credit is a cost, and one which, through the operation of compound interest, fattens upon what it feeds. National profit does not result from the multiplication of this cost; instead, there is a diversion of income into the pockets of the bankers, and the bankers fail to consume. Moreover, credit inflates, and so prepares its own disastrous extinction. We may expect wastage of investment under even a cautious capitalism, since bad judgment, accident and time consume capital goods. But investors need not be milked by profiteering bankers who sell by the billions domestic securities under the pretense that "expert" investigation ensures soundness. Sound capitalism requires that most expansion be undertaken with proprietor's capital; that loans, when made, be recognized as risks, and losses be uncomplainingly taken.

If our adventure with domestic credit has been unfortunate, the debacle from foreign lendings is worse. Having entered the War to save our loans to the Allies, we withdrew from Europe leaving them a paper indebtedness to us which could be "paid" only by assiduous and gainful banker-flotation of new American loans to foreign countries. We lent still more money to pay ourselves for our exports. Even the interest on these loans we received in paper assets. The result, at the end of 1930, was a net debt to us of some twenty-one billions of dollars, only some five and a half billions of which seemed then to be good debt. Meanwhile, we had used labor and material to no benefit to ourselves—except the mere fact of employment —and we had raised our own interest rates, and so the cost of our economic life, through domestic offerings of foreign bonds bearing fantastic returns. And even now, we should lose precious employment if we took from abroad the goods we have paid a quadruple price for. All this was the international bankers' racket.

For agriculture Mr. Dennis finds the root trouble in the farmer's adoption of the role of business man, using credit to produce crops for a speculative market. The farm debt burden is now some $700,000,000 a year. "The only salvation of the American farmer is to get him out of debt and keep him out of debt." Not needing any more to grow exclusively money crops, the farmer could reconstruct a peasant way of life, find in his farm "an asylum of common-sense living" and even welcome recruits from the unemployed. The cost of the program would be government assumption of part of the nine and a half billions of farm mortgages, to be managed through a conversion loan at a low rate of interest. The taxpayer would carry the interest, the farmer would ultimately repay the principal. One is reminded of Alexander II's emancipation of the serfs.

Even in a purged capitalism, governmental controls will have a very important place, though whence is to come the social aspiration that will make them acceptable is a question unsolved. In investments, foreign credits should be prohibited, capital issues at home require supervision, and much of the investment surplus should be taken in taxation and used for public amenities. The tariff is worth its cost for the security and stability it yields. Yet laissez-faire has its uses, if only because it gives us a maximum of chances to make fools of ourselves. And it ought to survive in matters political or monetary that concern the United States as against other countries. We are to work for a withdrawn and well armed America that no longer scolds a Europe waiting for her own reckonings in blood and iron.

Although Mr. Dennis disclaims a plan, there waits in

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be called the crystallization of capitalism. And, presuming the capitalist countries survive the present crisis without vast upheaval, some such structure as this may very well emerge. But the very delicacy of balance between peace and war inherent in such a world-society is earnest of the failure to satisfy needs. The claims of workingmen and the hopes of profit-makers cannot be permanently reconciled by half-way regulation; farmers will not toil in the fifteenth century when the twentieth is theirs for the clamoring; international justice is too deeply desired for mankind to give up the effort. The task is harder than returning to the short-run feasibilities of the past.

GEORGE SINCLAIR MITCHELL.

Colette Herself

A Lesson in Love, by Colette. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

COLETTE sprang full-fledged into artistic being, in characteristic French fashion, without lingering to learn to write, but immediately competent and mature. In the Claudine series she at once staked her paths, outlined what she proposed to write about all the years of her life: "the round material world, laden with savors," the forms of love, the manners of familiar beasts. It is true that the Claudine stories, at first sharply fresh and enticing, become finally too close, too warm; but they are admirable none the less for the same qualities that we find thirty years and forty books later.

The novels heretofore translated into English do not display Colette's range. Fortunately, now that "A Lesson in Love" has appeared, we have suggestions of the best of her: "This is all so strangely like the first years of my life." Although the space of earth which tempts her nostrils is here the Riviera, she is discovering it as minutely as she previously discovered Montigny-en-Fresnois—that is to say, Burgundy—the region enchanted by her nostalgia. Here again, as in "Renée la Vagabonde," is a woman who finds the best of life in the *appearance* of things, whose philosophy is comforted by a thorough exploitation of the senses. She has studied the march of the seasons, attentive as an animal. This woman is candidly Colette, who has called herself by other names, among them Renée Néré, but under whatever name she has always written of love, animals and the earth with the same sensitive relish.

Here, as in "Sido" and "La Maison de Claudine," she traces this relish back to her remarkable mother, in whom it existed in purer form. In middle life Colette desires to hoard her remaining earthly hours, to live simply as in childhood, finding "a kitchen-garden path back to my youth," with the same immense, cool and exclusive pride with which her mother deemed love a frivolity. The lesson in love is rather to be a lesson in no love, a study in renunciation. But the neighboring young man, Vial, has become attached to her.

"Man, my country, do you still remain my chief concern?" She does not wish to spoil even one of the hoarded days, will not partake again of "the feast of anguish," and returns the lad to his former companion, a young girl painter. Do not think she does this easily: "Sometimes I have to ask myself—for example, when I suddenly find myself expending a terrific amount of energy, in housecleaning or in frenzied gardening or in moving—if this is a new spurt of activity or the remains of an old fever. only HE may still be there!' and other times: 'Ah, God! If only HE be gone!' "

The rivalry of forces is played out between twilight and dawn, surrounded by the loveliness of night: the flight of bats, "the evening hydroplane preceded by the low hum that it tears out of the wind, flashing its red signal light there among the paler fires," the cat scratching on the iron grille as on a harp, the changing colors, the tired faces and voices. Vial goes away to Paris, pursued by the girl, and yet Colette has not quite lost him, for she hopes to translate him into one of the tangible forms among the intimacies of her imagination. There is almost a classic purity in the scene of the rejection.

The animals are interpreted as respectfully as ever. "Come here, mine own!" she calls, and is the Colette of the innumerable "Dialogues des Bêtes," the Colette of whom Francis Jammes once said: "At times like that she's charming, when she brings forward her brindled bull or her cat with as much assurance as Diana her greyhound or a Bacchante her tiger."

As for Colette's men, they have no reality, with the distinguished exception of Chéri, and Vial scarcely appears in person; he is simply Man, "that luxury, that prize gamecock," a shadow falling across the page.

One reason why Colette rates so high among her own people is that she renders simple what have usually been regarded as the complicated emotions of women. This is because she writes the things of which women refuse to think, lest they become confused, then neurotic, then abandoned—and she pursues these thoughts of all women with courage and keeps them in a beautiful order. She writes repeatedly the fear born of love, the need of escape —and who else has done this so well?

HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

In addition to "A Lesson in Love," the following books by Colette have been issued in this country during the past three years: "Chéri" ($2.50), "Mitsou" ($2), "Claudine at School" ($2.50) and "Young Lady of Paris" ($2.50), all published by Albert and Charles Boni; "La Vagabonde" ($2.50) and "Recaptured" ($2.50), by Doubleday, Doran and Company; "The Gentle Libertine" ($2.50), by Farrar and Rinehart; "The Other One" ($2), by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. "The End of Chéri" ($2.50) will soon be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.—THE EDITORS.

Last Testament

Apocalypse, by D. H. Lawrence. With an Introduction by Richard Aldington. New York: The Viking Press. 200 pages. $3.

IT IS EASY to understand why D. H. Lawrence, since his death, has received only grudging admiration and attention, why his achievements have been belittled now that they are over, and why his life has been enveloped in a cloud of gossip: no one wants to take seriously what Lawrence regarded as the serious acts of life. His novels upset, if taken seriously, any carefully planned method of getting by without disclosing the lacks and privations of oneself; the intensity of his words, if received at full pitch, makes ridiculous the mad clambering aboard of any braying and splendiferous band wagon that happens to drive by; bluntly the novels thrust before one's face the conflicts, social and personal, that explode human beings into fragments of hands, brain, hearts and bellies that have no rela-

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of chickens in laboratories. It is simpler to turn a back on Lawrence, saying, I wanted a novelist, not a prophet, and implying by prophet the village idiot predicting the end of the world, the fanatic betraying in his monomania his own lacks. Lawrence made the unforgivable mistake of believing that writing made some intrusion, brought some emotional decision, into the life which it had attempted to enlarge and make more real. People naturally turn away from anything that confuses them and points to their deformities, whether these be social, political or personal, after they have so carefully planned out ways of covering up the deformities or treating them lightly.

"Apocalypse" will probably be dismissed as nonsense, because Lawrence talks of communing with the sun, of "a blazing interchange," of responding to the cosmos; because Lawrence takes with intense seriousness the Revelation of John of Patmos. He does not believe in its doctrine; he hates its doctrine. He hates the envy embodied in its elaboration of destructfulness, and he despises the satisfaction that the weak who are the envious find in "Revelation." But under the foaming denunciations of John, Lawrence discovers the kernel of great myths, and it is for his elaboration of these myths, his exploring of the responses within earlier people to the symbol of the Dioskouroi, of the green dragon, the red dragon, that "Apocalypse" is so important. In "Apocalypse" there is, perhaps, no further contribution to the scholarship that has been expended on "Revelation," but there is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the evidences of a great imagination, which is capable of modifying the whole structure of personality. And it is this imagination which will not be held in respect. Even Aldington in his introduction, written as a letter to Lawrence's wife, tears out of its context Lawrence's comment on sunbathers lying on beaches "like pigs," and calls it "snapping." If Aldington means what he says, he has ignored or only said, "yes, yes," as a quick means of getting over what Lawrence has said before. Lawrence was interested in the total conversion of the personality; he was not interested in the quick turn-about from wearing elegant clothes to lying in equally elegant nakedness in the sun, the way one might lie in a Turkish bath or an ordinary bathtub. Lawrence was talking about revolution.

The loss to us, if we were but aware, in Lawrence's death, is the loss of the revolution he wanted. He has left us only ill prepared. "Apocalypse" is remarkable; but it is grounded in "Revelation," a work now in itself a curio. Consequently, it will appear to most people that a fine talent spent its last efforts on a document totally extraneous to the circumstances in which we live. Most people will not recognize that a powerful imagination was able to put itself at the very center of an important religious document, there to see radiating back into the life of all earlier people the hidden content, and to see the Christian content striking even into our own lives as inheritors, not of Christianity, but of Christianity's prejudices and hatreds. Perhaps it was a mistake for Lawrence to have written this book in the form in which it has appeared. The content of the imagination displayed therein may be lost in rabid, quick rejection by the very minds that should fasten to it like sucker-fishes, because the book depends so often on abused words like "cosmos" and "pagan." The profound, the startling, reinterpretation of the Sphinx's riddle ("What is it that goes first on four legs, then on two, and then on three?") should have been embodied in a retabulation of the Oedipus myth, in which the riddle lies imbedded; so that again the final stabbing out of Oedipus' eyes would have the same horror, intensified, small flowers that came out as "Apocalypse," we can know that Lawrence had in him the roots of a whole new approach to literature and existence, to literature's reingression into the hearts and actions of people. But he did not have time to bring out the full fruit, to tell us of his imagination's ascent, and that is our great misfortune.

KENNETH WHITE.

Book Notes

ART

A SHORT HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING, by Eric G. Underwood. *New York: Oxford University Press. 356 pages. $3.50.*

AN ACCOUNT OF FRENCH PAINTING, by Clive Bell. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 220 pages. $2.75.*

Mr. Underwood's is, of course, the more comprehensive of these two volumes. It follows the development of French painting from the early fourteenth-century illuminated manuscripts of Jean Pucelle and Pol de Limbourg to the modern "School of Paris," treated in a final chapter. The book is not "inspirational," but its value as a guide is indisputable. By contrast with the roman-candle brilliance of Clive Bell's writing, Mr. Underwood's has a deadly earnest air; but it is cool and clear-headed, and one has the feeling that he always succeeds in saying exactly what he set out to say.

Restricting himself to about two-thirds the length that Mr. Underwood permits himself, Clive Bell is obliged to travel rather briskly through the lowlands and to hit only the high spots of French painting. He sets out by establishing for himself what the truly French characteristics in painting are, and then proceeds to indict all painters who do not fit his definition. Bitterly deploring the Italianate importations of Francis I, he refers to the school of Primaticcio and Rosso, which flourished under this monarch, as that "lamentable experiment which gave us Fontainebleau." Toward the eighteenth-century painters, with the exception of Watteau and Chardin, he is equally severe. Greuze, for example, "is the master exponent of what D. H. Lawrence calls the dirty little secret." But he also finds plenty to praise, especially during the nineteenth century, which he considers to be the great age of French painting. The effect of this searching analysis on the reader is to sharpen his wits, sweep his mind clear of academic hobgoblins and purify his sense of values.

BIOGRAPHY

GROVER CLEVELAND: A Man Four-Square, by Denis Tilden Lynch. *New York: Liveright, Inc. 581 pages. $3.50.*

Mr. Lynch's biography of Cleveland is a two-dimensional affair. It utterly lacks either depth or background: there is no presentation of the setting in which Cleveland so ponderously moved, and no analysis or interpretation of the significance of the role that he played. The figure of "that stubborn conscience" emerges clearly enough—too clearly perhaps, for we miss the shadows and nuances that are necessary for a just delineation. The narrative is rapid and richly embroidered; dramatic episodes, robust personalities, political chicanery and fanfaronade give it a certain fascination and strength. In point of accuracy and impartiality Mr. Lynch's biography is an advance over the official portrait by Professor McElroy, but Mr. Lynch falls down badly in his analysis of the campaign of '96 and the cause and course of the Spanish War, and seriously neglects certain important chapters such as civil-service reform. As a piece of descriptive journalism this biography is excellent: the definitive life and the convincing interpretation of Grover Cleveland both remain to be written.

JOSEPH SMITH AND HIS MORMON EMPIRE, by Harry M. Beardsley. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 421 pages. $3.50.*

At nineteen Joe Smith was a morose, illiterate, penniless youth, noted for his lies, his laziness and his self-advertised ability to

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state within a state, head of a flourishing church and sultan of twenty-eight wives. Mr. Beardsley, in the present volume, makes him understandable for the first time. In Woodbridge Riley's theory that Joe was an epileptic, he finds the clue to his adolescent visions; but neither epilepsy nor the old Spaulding-Rigdon hoax theory adequately accounts for the Book of Mormon—for which Mr. Beardsley presents a more complicated explanation of his own, based chiefly on psychiatry but also depending, in large part, upon the hysterically religious atmosphere in which Joe Smith spent his childhood. Most of the book is concerned with the founding and early progress of the Church of Mormon—in western New York, in Ohio, in Missouri, and finally at Nauvoo, Illinois, where Mormonism flowered until its prophet got himself into trouble. Mr. Beardsley has added some imaginative detail for the purpose of dramatizing his material, but on the whole he has told an absorbing story with scrupulous regard for historical fact.

The Social Sciences

THE SOCIAL UNIVERSE, by Arthur Wallace Calhoun. *New York: The Vanguard Press. 171 pages. $1.75.*

With much justification Professor Calhoun, formerly of Brookwood Labor College and now of Limestone College, Gaffney, S. C., condemns modern sociology in this book as "an intellectual twist in the minds of a few closet philosophers" and "a sentimental creed of abstract humanitarianism." He then sets out to sketch the outlines of a science of society founded on an economic interpretation of history. This is a large order, particularly when one learns that his economic interpretation is not the academic variety but straight Marxism. He applies his theory to government, religion, the family, race, nationality, art, philosophy, science and education. In the case of the family, he is able to refer the reader to his own classic three-volume work, "A Social History of the American Family," to supplement his meager discussion in the present volume. In the main, however, his sparseness of detail makes his treatment a cross between suggestiveness and dogmatism. This is unfortunate, because the call upon Marxian sociologists today is not for hints and assertions but for proofs.

SORCERERS OF DOBU, by R. F. Fortune. *Introduction by B. Malinowski. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 318 pages. $5.*

Dr. Fortune is the husband of Margaret Mead, whose studies of native life in Samoa and New Guinea have corrected many false notions. Himself a trained anthropologist, he went to the tiny island of Dobu in Melanesia, lived for five months among its forty inhabitants, whose language he spoke and whose astonishing customs he studied with a thoroughness and competence that aroused the generous envy expressed by Dr. Malinowski in his introduction. The book is a record of almost pure superstition, of witchcraft, magic ceremonials and incredible tabu regulations, and of criminal practices exalted to the rank of divinity. The wretched Dobuans, dreaded by the neighboring islanders, are themselves victims of inarticulate and persistent terror: Caliban might have been their creator and their chief god. In spite of such sensational material, Dr. Fortune has produced a study of remarkable sobriety and comprehensiveness: intricate detail is woven into an interesting narrative which deserves wide reading by all those who believe, with David Hume, "that there is no question of importance, whose decision is not comprised in the science of man."

Fiction

BLUEBERRY PIE, by Thyra Samter Winslow. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

Those who have read Mrs. Winslow's other collections of short stories, "Picture Frames" and "People Round the Corner," or her novel, "Show Business," will not need to be told what the tales in "Blueberry Pie" are like. She has an unquestioned gift but, wisely or not, she limits herself to a narrow field. Her protagonists are almost always in the lower middle class, usually women, and as a rule defeated and frustrated. Their failures they accept with resignation, so that one has no keen sense of tragedy, but a wretched business. Mrs. Winslow is an honest artist; if she does not make things any better than they are, neither does she make them worse. Her rather monotonous style, in which she piles short sentences upon one another like the coral plants in an atoll, is well adapted to the scenes and people she portrays, though now and then it gets into the reader's way.

THE GREAT DAY, by Georgette Carneal. *New York: Liveright, Inc. $2.50.*

Like Aldous Huxley, Miss Carneal has enough illusions about life to write forcefully of its disillusions. With a bitterness that is emotionally contagious, she exposes the futility underlying the schemes of men and women who prostitute either their bodies or their brains in the hope that the Great Day will come when they will be able to leave prostitution behind forever. Stephen Murdock, for instance, managing editor of a scandal sheet, keeps repeating to himself that he is young, that in a few years he will have enough money to abandon tabloids and trashy magazines and live as he really wants to. Similarly Julia O'Day, the girl he loves, plans to be old Tom Craig's mistress until she has collected enough checks from him to be financially—and thereby spiritually—independent. Without assuming for a single moment the role of the moralist, Miss Carneal drives home the point that their self-degradation leaves permanent scars. Her Manhattan canvas is filled with a large assortment of characters, some in predicaments like those of Stephen and Julia, others put in for effective contrast.

Contributors

Joseph J. Spengler is an assistant professor in Economics and Business Administration at the University of Arizona and a frequent contributor to both technical and popular journals. His article in the present issue is based on observations made in the course of four trips across the country during the last sixteen months.

Elmer Davis, who was born in the interior of this country and migrated to New York City, is the author of several books of fiction and criticism, his most recent one being "Morals for Moderns."

A. E. Coppard, the English poet and short-story writer, is the author of, among other volumes, "The Field of Mustard," "The Black Dog" and "Nixey's Harlequin," a book of short stories which was published this spring by Knopf.

Paul Rosenfeld, author of a long list of books of social and esthetic criticism, has also written one novel, "Boy in the Sun," and is at present working on his second.

Philippe Soupault, the well known French poet, novelist and critic, contributor of motion-picture reviews to L'Europe Nouvelle, author of a book on Charlie Chaplin and a member of the editorial staff of Vu, is at present in this country. He recently received the Prix Strassburger of a thousand dollars awarded to the journalist whose work has contributed most to a better understanding between the United States and France.

Allen Tate is the author of two biographies of Southern heroes and of two volumes of poetry, the most recent, "Poems: 1928-1931," having been published this spring by Scribner's.

George Sinclair Mitchell, an instructor in Economics at Columbia University, is the author of several books on economic subjects, the most recent being "Textile Unionism and the South."

Hazel Hawthorne, a contributor to "The Fourth American Caravan," is at present in New England writing a novel with that locality as its background.

Kenneth White, who was formerly an instructor at Harvard, has been free-lancing in New York City during the past winter. He is the author of several plays, one of which will be produced in New York during the next month.

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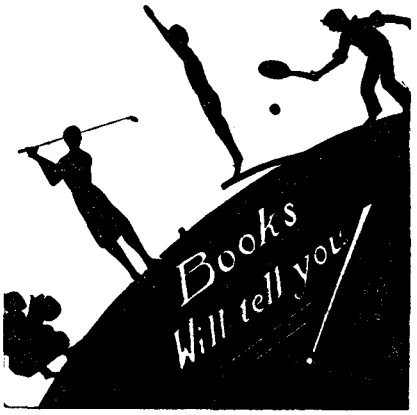

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